

The Liberty Bell.



THE
Liberty Bell.

BY

FRIENDS OF FREEDOM.

"It is said that the evil spirytes that ben in the regyon, doubte moche when they here the Bells rongen: and this is the cause why the Bells ben rongen, whan greet tempeste and outrages of wether happen, to the end that the fiends and wycked spirytes should be abashed and flee. — *The Golden Legend, by Wynkyn de Worde.*

B O S T O N :
NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY BAZAAR,

MDCCCLVIII.

HCW.

BOSTON:
PRENTISS, SAWYER, & CO., PRINTERS,
No. 19 Water, and 86 State Street.

ll. A
LI 2
1858

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The Liberty Bell.

BY AURELIA F. RAYMOND.

RING out the peals of the Liberty Bell!
Let the tones be loud and clear,
Till, borne on the floating breeze's swell,
The weary slave shall hear,
And the booming sound of its ringing knell
Shall reach the oppressor's ear —
And drown the shout of the auctioneer!

Ring out the peals of the Liberty Bell !

Ay, ring the call for the jubilee

Afar over land and sea,

Till woman's voice shall the chorus swell,

And childhood shall clap its hands in glee,

And the echoing chimes come back and tell

That every slave is free !

SPRINGFIELD, Massachusetts.

The First and the Last of Slavery in Massachusetts.

BY JOHN G. PALFREY.

IN 1620 a Dutch ship brought some kidnapped Africans into James River. From that time the importation of slaves into Virginia went on rapidly, and the crazy social fabric of the planting Colonies was reared. After a quarter of a century the same experiment was made in New England, where it did not meet with the same favor. In 1645, one Keyser brought two negroes from the Slave Coast to Massachusetts. The General Court immediately resolved to "send them back," and wrote to Portsmouth for one who had been conveyed to that place.* The

* Colony Records, III. 49.

business was finished by the passing of the following order.* "The General Court, conceiving themselves bound by the first opportunity to bear witness against the heinous and crying sin of man-stealing, as also to prescribe such timely redress for what is past, and such a law for the future, as may sufficiently deter all others belonging to us to have to do in such vile and odious courses, justly abhorred of all good and just men, do order that the negro interpreter, with others unlawfully taken, be, by the first opportunity, at the charge of the country for present, sent to his native country of Guinea, and a letter with him, of the indignation of the Court thereabouts, and justice thereof. The prosecuting of this order is left to the care of our honored Governor for present. By both Houses."

But after the abrogation of the Colonial Charter in the time of Charles the Second, the people of Massachusetts had not the same control of

* Colony Records, III, 84

their own affairs as before; and Slavery crept in, as it will do into every community where it is not prohibited by law. Nothing is more preposterous than to speak of geographical limits to Slavery. In the present low state of morals, slaves for domestic service will be carried everywhere, except where law bars the path; not into all families—far from it—but into some families in all communities. Give a legal right to hold a slave, and a month would not pass before cooks, coachmen, waiters, and hair dressers, would be bought in Boston. In the last century, while Slavery was unchallenged in the jurisdiction of Great Britain, it worked its way into Massachusetts, to a large extent. In 1763, the year of our first census, to 235,810 whites, in Massachusetts, there were 5,214 blacks. Dr. Belknap says,* that they “served either in families or at mechanical employments, and in either case they

* Massachusetts Historical Collections, IV, 200.

fared no worse than other persons of the same class; in the country, they lived as well as their masters, and often sat down at the same table, in the true style of republican equality."

In 1780, having waded half through the sorrows of the war of Independence, the people of Massachusetts framed a Constitution of government, according to their own ideas of what such a Constitution ought to be. It was a time of honest and stern reality. They intended to set down in that instrument nothing but what they verily believed and meant, and what, in the fear of God and the love of man, they designed to carry out in corresponding action. Into their Bill of Rights they put the following words: "All men are born free and equal, and have certain natural, essential, and unalienable rights, among which may be reckoned the right of enjoying and defending their lives and liberties." The Declaration of the Independence of the United States, four years before, had said very

much the same thing: "We hold these truths to be self-evident; that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

On the part of the United States, all this, according to a recent expositor, was but "glittering generality," and the course of the Federal legislation and judicial administration but too well confirms his judgment. But the plain-spoken people who lived in Massachusetts at that time, were innocent of all conception of such glitter, as their magistrates unequivocally proved on the first opportunity. In 1781, Nathaniel Jenison, a citizen of Worcester, assaulted and beat with a whip, another citizen, named Quork Walker, Walker made a complaint to the Grand Jury, and the Grand Jury found a true bill against Jenison. At his trial before the Superior Court, his counsel set up the defence that Walker was his slave, and subject to his chastisement. But the

Court said that they knew nothing about masters and slaves in Massachusetts, inasmuch as the highest expression of the mind and will of Massachusetts had declared all men to be born free and equal, and to have a natural, essential, and unalienable right to liberty. The convict considered himself fortunate to escape with a fine of forty shillings, and since that day no one resident of the Commonwealth has ventured to claim the ownership of another. That is a privilege which we keep exclusively for visitors.

"The Beginning and the Ending."

BY MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN.

IN one of the pilgrim cities of America, some six or seven generations after the emigration from Delft Haven for religious liberty, and two generations after the war with England for political liberty, a number of the gay young successors of those who devoted all for Freedom, in the olden time, sat thoughtfully together on the brink of the tide of life, to which they were about to commit themselves.

They were all, according to the standard of their country and their time, well born and well nurtured; and looked forward to leading the van of society in their native city as their natural inheritance. They thought themselves born

to be its jurists, its legislators, its executive officers, its merchant princes; and they dreaded but one thing — lest the tide of successful life they were about to take, should weaken the close bond of happy friendship growing out of the ties of family and neighborhood, school and college, which made them all the world to each other. “This association, in which we have all been so happy, has been our first; let it also be our last,” they said; and they chose for their little society the most significant possible cypher and name in these two Greek letters:

A Ω.

For they felt that not death itself should sunder those whom every tie of youth, and hope, and life, had so firmly joined, and therefore they adopted as their own, the symbol of the Eternity of God.

Time went on, and all were successfully

launched in their respective careers, the rising hope of their families and the place of their nativity; and every little festive reunion at which each recounted to the rest his projects for the future and his present success, did but strengthen their cherished friendship.

One by one they married, and this new bond made the knot the firmer. Every successive bride admitted to the little society felt the sacredness of the earlier union; and, as each after each listened to the rare music always sent by her husband's friends to welcome her first entrance to her new home, profoundly moved by an act so touchingly emblematical, she earnestly resolved, on her part, to leave no deed undone which might strengthen so precious an influence.

In due time children were born in the families composing this fraternal band, and their first thought was how best to bind to their own the advancing generation; and again they

evoked the potent spell that had made their own union of friendship sacred.

“A Ω,”

they said once more ; and they caused the mystic letters to be engraved on vase and goblet, inscribing it thus, as each fresh occasion arrived : —

A Ω.

FROM THE FRIENDS OF THY FATHER TO THEE,
FIRST BORN.

This hour of their most perfect friendship was coincident with the time that gave birth, in the United States of America, to the idea of abolishing slavery. The power of that disgraceful remnant of barbarism had been on the increase since the adoption of a constitution in the latter part of the eighteenth century, whereby slaves seeking their liberty by flight were to be thrust back, by all its might of laws

and arms, into bondage — by a people whose own independence was but that instant won through the outcry, "Give me liberty or give me death," under declaration of that freedom as the inalienable right of man, in obedience to a religion whose first founders, to explain its value to the pagan world, proclaimed it Liberty — "The glorious Liberty of the sons of God."

The shame of this surrender of their religious and political principles kept the leaders of the land silent; and the slaveholding interest had now, by bribes to individuals of the leading class, of important official stations, with commercial and manufacturing advantages and social privileges, quietly but completely obtained the reins of every political and religious movement without exciting suspicion in the body of the people. This guilty complicity of the leading influences, in both the free and the slave States of the American Union, had thus made it their

policy, during the whole preceding generation, to hide this question of freedom and slavery in silence and darkness.

But voices of protest, of explanation, of argument, of appeal, of sublime awakening, began to be heard in the land; and they broke into the festive circle of unaccustomed and careless hearts whose friendship was to last forever. All their lower interests were wrapped up with slavery, in the manufacturing and railroad stocks, the mortgages of plantations, the legal and political prospects, the social expectations, all dependent on the pleasure of slaveholders.

The alternative came clear before this seventh generation from pilgrim, and third from revolutionary times. With rare exceptions they obeyed the orders issued from the plantations, denied their religious and political principles, silenced the sense of duty and the voice of conscience.

Among the precious things they unhesita-

tingly sacrificed to the demand of slavery was the cherished shrine of that youthful friendship to which they had just renewed their vow, as the "alpha and omega" of their lives—the first and the last—the beginning and the ending. Those of their number who did not become the slaves of slavery, they ostracised; the children, whose first and last friends they had vowed to be, they never saw after.

This is the beginning. And thus in every city in America have the foundations of the Anti-Slavery cause been laid. The ending is not yet—nor can be. According to their nature of blessing or of curse, must such things and such deeds go on as cause and effect, forever.

Boston, 20 Chauncy Place.

6th October, 1857.

Letter to Mrs. Chapman.

BY JOSHUA R. GIDDINGS.

JEFFERSON, Ohio, August 20, 1857.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

I was pleased to hear from you. I find that age brings with it many interesting recollections of the past. The soft and mellow light of life's setting sun is quite as congenial as the more dazzling brilliancy of its early rising. The commencement of life is full of hopes and expectations; these become enlarged, strengthened, and confirmed, in old age, while to them is added all the actual enjoyment of the past.

You and I live at a most fortunate period. We have witnessed great and important changes since we met in the Marlboro' Chapel. We were then striving to awake the public mind to the

evils of Slavery. It was a momentous work. Many conflicts lay before us; but the cause advanced, as rapidly as we had reason to expect, and now we have no doubt of success. The storms of life have been severe on some, and many friends who were then with us, have passed on to their reward; but others have gathered around us, and cheered us on to effort, until I am nearly borne down with toil, and am beginning to claim the privilege of exemption from the more active duties of the service.

But at this precise time my services are no longer needed; other agents and agencies are carrying forward our cause more rapidly than it has progressed at any former period. The enemy has been stopped in his march. His troops are giving way in all our free States—in Kansas, Missouri, Kentucky, Virginia, and Maryland.

Your Liberty Bell will soon ring out its peal. Hundreds of annuals, periodicals, and news-

papers are agitating the public mind ; hundreds of lecturers, and stump speakers, and ministers, are proclaiming the gospel of Freedom ; historians are recording the important events which are transpiring around us, and the cause moves onward with increased velocity.

With these things before us we forget our toil, our age, and think only of success ; of the glorious victory which lies before us.

I would have written an article for your Liberty Bell, but I felt no inspiration, and therefore I enclose a short extract from my speech made on the 10th December. It is the last speech I have made, and I have taken the most radical paragraph, as the best in the speech. Though short, it is as long as I am willing to see inserted in a work which must be principally devoted to written contributions.

With great respect and esteem,

Very truly, your Friend,

J. R. GIDDINGS.

Mrs. CHAPMAN.

Extract from a Speech in Congress.

BY JOSHUA R. GIDDINGS.

Gentlemen will bear with me when I assure them and the President that I have seen as many as nine fugitives dining at one time in my own house—fathers, mothers, husbands, wives, parents, and children. When they came to my door, hungry and faint, cold and but partially clad, I did not turn round to consult the Fugitive Law, nor to ask the President what I should do. I obeyed the Divine mandate, to feed the hungry and clothe the naked. I fed them, I clothed them, gave them money for their journey, and sent them on their way rejoicing. I obeyed God rather than the President. I obeyed my conscience, the dictates of my heart, the law of my moral being, the commands of heaven, and I will add, of the Constitution of my country; for no man of intelligence ever believed that the framers of that instrument intended to involve

their descendants of the free States in any act that should violate the teachings of the Most High, by seizing a fellow being, and returning him to the hell of Slavery. If that be treason, make the most of it.

Mr. BENNETT, of Mississippi. I want to know if the gentleman would not have gone one step further?

Mr. GIDDINGS. Yes, sir; I would have gone one step further. I would have driven the slave-catcher who dared pursue them, from my premises. I would have kicked him from my doorway, if he had made his appearance there; or, had he attempted to enter my dwelling, I would have stricken him down upon the threshold.

What hinders us?

AN ITEM OF EXPERIENCE.

BY ABBY KELLEY FOSTER.

ONE of my earliest visits during the first summer of my public labor was to Litchfield County, Connecticut. At a meeting of the County Anti-Slavery Society two men and their wives, who were present from the town of Washington, invited me to return with them to hold meetings in their place. Their invitation was accepted, and late in the evening we arrived in their pleasant village.

The next morning extensive notice was given that a woman would give an address on American Slavery.

As the friends who had brought me there were all members of the Orthodox Congregational Church—which was a very numerous

body, being the only religious society in the village—and were in good repute, and one of them was the Superintendent of the Sabbath School, the church, as well as the world, was largely represented at the first meeting, which filled the hall.

At the close of this meeting the audience requested another address for the following evening. It was granted, and an increased audience was in attendance. Then another was requested, and still another, till four meetings had been held, the last with a crowded house.

And yet the people were not satisfied, but called for more. Other engagements forbidding me to remain at that time, I consented to return after two weeks.

During my sojourn here I was treated with marked attention and respect by people of the village. The more intelligent and better class sought my society, especially the women, who earnestly inquired what they could do to deliver

the slave and their country from its most direful curse. Their hearts were touched and their understandings convinced; for in those days, before the false reasoning of priest and politician had confused the moral vision, it required no subtle logician or eloquent declaimer to present the simple story of the slave's wrongs, to show the complicity of the entire North in the guilt of its support, and also to show that, if that support were withdrawn, Slavery must fall.

When I left, it was with the blessings of the people, and my return was anticipated with much interest.

At the time appointed I returned but found my friends, the family of the Sabbath School Superintendent, very sad. The cause was soon explained.

The Sunday after my departure, their minister, Rev. Mr. Hayes, had preached from Revelations, ii. 20: "I have a few things against thee because thou sufferest that woman, Jezebel,

who calleth herself a prophetess, to teach and to seduce my servants to commit fornication."

He was a man of ability and hence set forth the high pretensions to piety, the great talents and remarkably artful and deceptive character which he ascribed to Jezebel, with much power. Also the manner in which she had insinuated herself into the confidence of the saints, and finally led them down to death and hell. And this dreadful result, he said, was owing, in great measure, to the neglect of the minister. This neglect may have arisen from fear of offending his people, and consequently of losing his salary, or he may himself have been a victim of the fatal delusion. But whatever the cause of the neglect, he was wholly inexcusable. No matter how fair the character of Jezebel in the eye of the world, or how high her professions of piety, or how winning her demeanor; the fact that she assumed *to teach* which was distinctly forbidden to woman, was incontrovertible evi-

dence that she was of Satan, and not of God. No considerations, therefore, should have induced him to spare her, but he should have exposed her essential criminality and put her down at once.

In a similar strain he preached to describe more fully the character and conduct of this artful person, and that of the minister and Church of Thyatira, with the terrible calamities which befel them, and then turning the attention of his hearers to the woman who had visited their usually quiet, orderly, and moral village, a few days previous, he drew a parallel between her character and that which he had portrayed as belonging to Jezebel, and closed by warning the people in general, and his church in particular, against her wily and seductive influence.

Some of his hearers were ready to fall on their knees in gratitude that he had warned them before it was too late, many were silent, while very few were sufficiently independent and clear-

sighted to discover the real motive of this malignant attack.

Under these circumstances what was to be done? We decided that a straight-forward course was the only one to be pursued. An appointment, as by previous arrangement, had been made for an address from me that evening, and must be fulfilled. In the afternoon was the stated weekly Conference of the Church. I decided to attend it, in company with my friends, and there meet my traducer face to face. But throughout the entire hour and a half of the meeting he affected not to observe me, and no allusion whatever was made to the subject of my mission. There were many women present who, only two weeks before, had thanked God that he had sent me among them, and several of whom had kindly and hospitably entertained me. Now their faces were averted, and not one of them all either greeted or recognized me.

Our meeting in the evening, as we anticipa-

ted, was small indeed. Here and there was a church member, with a few outsiders, and from the village no women were present except the two who had invited me there.

My address was short, and heavy with grief, caused by this unexpected obstacle which was thrown between me and those through whom I expected to reach the slave.

I retired to my chamber that night, but not to sleep. My cry was that of the prophet: "O, that mine head were waters and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of my people!"

It may be asked, "Where are the people of that place, to-day?" When last I heard of them they were essentially where they stood on this question in 1839, the time of my visit. The minister had succeeded, by his insidious attacks on the Abolitionists, and by his professions of Anti-Slavery, with an occasional mention of the

oppressed in his prayers and in his sermons, in keeping the consciences of the masses quiet, while yet their entire religious, moral, and political sanction, through the church, their social relations and their parties, was given to this sin of sins. And this experience is not exceptional. With variations to suit circumstances it has been constantly recurring, not only in my own case but in that of every other person in this country who has called on the people to take an uncompromising position against Slavery.

Do we need to inquire farther, "What hinders us?"

WORCESTER, Massachusetts.

Fugitive Slaves.

BY FRANCIS JACKSON.

LARGE numbers of fugitive slaves had, from time to time, fled from the slave States of this Union, and had become quiet and peaceable citizens of Boston and vicinity.

Upon the promulgation of the infamous Fugitive Slave Bill, in 1850, a very large public meeting was held in Faneuil Hall, at which the Hon. Charles Francis Adams, (son of the late President John Quincy Adams) presided.

One of the principal speakers at that great meeting described the condition of those poor fugitives that had taken refuge among us, as frightened, trembling, and bereft men, women, and children, hiding in garrets and cellars, not

yet claimed, but living in a state of mind bordering on distraction. He put this question to the vast multitude that stood before him.

Will you protect the fugitive slaves that are here among us, and trample the Fugitive Slave Bill in the dust? When instantly, one loud shout of "Aye," rang through the hall without a dissenting voice.

A large committee of vigilance was chosen, at that meeting, to aid and assist fugitive slaves: that committee have assisted large numbers of those innocent sufferers to reach Canada, and in various other ways. The object of this paper is to state the facts of a single case, among hundreds of others, as a sample of the labors of the committee.

The case we here present is that of Edinbur Randall, a mulatto man, who secreted himself on board of the barque Franklin, of Portland, Captain Cooke, lying at Jacksonville, Florida, in September, 1854, bound for Bath, Maine.

On her passage she put into Holmes' Hole, where he made his escape. Randall's own statement of facts was written down by a member of the committee, as the words fell from his lips, as follows : —

I was born in Limestone County, Alabama. My mother was of Indian, and my father was of negro descent, and *neither of them were slaves* ; my nearest neighbors, James Benson, and William Benson, and several others, have often told me that my father and mother were both free persons ; both of them died when I was about four years old ; when I was taken by one Gable or Gabriel Smith, where I grew up. When I was about eighteen years old, Mr. Smith died, and I continued to live with his daughter Martha ; she soon married John Erskine, an Irishman, then recently from Ireland, who lived in Jacksonville, Devoll County, Florida. Erskine proved to be a hard and cruel master ; he hired me out to one John Fernandez ; my

days' works with Fernandez were done at six o'clock in the afternoon ; when I went home, Erskine would set me to work evenings ; I did not like that, and I was tardy in coming home ; he threatened to whip me, if I did not come home to his work more promptly. The next day I did not get home so soon as he told me to ; he became enraged, seized a pair of small iron tongs, and beat me over the head most unmercifully. I bled profusely, and marks of the tongs remained upon my body for a long time ; he was a passionate man, and I was afraid he would kill me outright ; I fled into the woods, and lived there several months, living on berries, the stem or pith of Palmetto leaves, and other vegetable substances. At length my clothes were nearly all scratched off by the brush and briars ; my torn shirt and coarse blanket were the only pieces of clothing I had left, and as the wet season was approaching, I thought I must either die in the woods, or come out and

make a desperate attempt to get free ; it was some time before I could make up my mind which to do ; at length I concluded to leave the woods, and on coming out I saw a ship's masts in the distance ; as I neared her, I saw that she was lying at the saw-mill wharf, near Jacksonville-port, and was loading with hard pine lumber ; I watched her some days, and as soon as I thought she was loaded, I got upon her deck, at midnight ; found a small hatchway near the bow of the ship, lifted off the cover, jumped down, and crawled under the deck as far as I could, and covered my almost naked body with an old sail, taking with me an armful of green corn in the ear, a jack-knife, and a gimblet. I found a cask of water near my hiding-place, bored a hole therein with my gimblet, made a spigot with my knife, and so got as much water as I wanted. I lay there two days before the ship was got under way, and three days more after she

sailed; on the third after she sailed, it became very hot and unbearable, and I was nearly suffocated, when I made it known that I was there by rapping upon the cover of the hatchway; the mate of the ship heard me, and called out, "Who's there?" I replied, let me out; he lifted off the hatch door, and glared his eyes at me with astonishment! and no wonder, for I had nothing upon me but a ragged and almost rotten shirt.

The mate called to the captain to come forward and see a pretty sight. Captain Cooke soon made his appearance, and belched out, "A damn runaway nigger — throw him overboard!" The captain swore a volley of oaths at me, and uttered this threat, "I will put you on board the first vessel I meet, that is bound for the South."

As soon as the captain had blown his blast at me, the cook of the ship brought me some water, a sea biscuit, and a salt herring, and

gave me some clothes ; I soon found out that the sailors were all friendly to me ; the captain, and the mate, (who was the son of the captain,) and Frazier, the second mate, were the only enemies I had on board of the ship. I soon took my turn with the sailors, and made myself as useful as I could ; soon after, the captain came and asked me several questions, and whether I would go with him on another voyage if he would give me wages. I told him I would think about his offer ; I was shy of him ; I feared that he wanted to entrap me ; I soon learned from the sailors that he was going back to the South for another cargo of hard pine lumber. He put the ship into Holmes' Hole, at the Vineyard, under the pretence that she needed repairs ; but really, as I believe, for the purpose of finding some vessel, or to send some telegraphic message to take me back to the South. I could not forget his threat of sending me back to the

South, which I dreaded much more than his other threat of throwing me overboard.

The sailors told me that if I went to the south-westerly part of the Island, I should find friends among the Indians. I took their advice, borrowed the ship's boat at midnight, and rowed myself to the east chop of Holmes' Hole, drew the boat upon the beach, rammed one of the oars down into the sand as far as I could, and made the boat fast to it; and then made towards Gay Head, where I found the Indians, who readily took me in, and kindly ministered to my necessities.

The next day a young Indian, William Francis, came into the house where I was, and said that the deputy sheriff, Thomas H. Lambert, was up on Gay Head, with a warrant to arrest a colored sailor, who stole the boat from the ship Franklin, and offered a large reward to the Indians to find him.

I told them that I thought the sheriff was after me, whereupon the Indians told me to go into a swamp near by. I took their advice, and went into the thickest bushes about one hundred yards, and remained there some time; at length Beulah Vanderhoff, the Indian woman who took me in to her house, came to the swamp, called me out, and put a gown, shawl, and bonnet upon me, and took me some distance to the house of her grandmother, Mrs. Peters, hid me in the garret, and then went to engage a boat to take me from the Island. This aged woman, Mrs. Peters, entered into their plans for my escape, with a will; she declared that she would have a large kettle of hot water ready to scald the sheriff, or any of his understrappers, who crossed her threshold.

Beulah Vanderhoff soon engaged two Indian boatmen, Samuel Peters and Zaccheus Cooper, who were expert at both sails and oars, and I

was accompanied to their boat by a number of the Indians, whose kind efforts for my escape I can never forget. The boat left the Island with a favorable wind, and I was soon put ashore upon the main land, among other friends of the slave.

The fact of this fugitive so hotly pursued by Captain Cooke, and rescued by a woman, was published in the newspapers at the time, but was disbelieved by many. One of the members of the Boston Vigilance Committee went to the Vineyard on purpose to ascertain the facts of this case, had an interview with that heroic woman, Beulah Vanderhoff, with one of the boatmen who took the slave from the Island, and with several of the most intelligent persons upon the Island, fully confirmed the account of what happened, after the ship arrived at Holmes' Hole.

The Anti-Slavery friends there, on learning

that a fugitive slave had arrived in their harbor, in the barque Franklin, bound for Bath, immediately notified the Vigilance Committee of New Bedford, who telegraphed that fact to the Vigilance Committee of Boston. The Boston Committee sent one of their most efficient members, Mr. —, to Bath, who promptly organized a Vigilance Committee there, who were all ready, three days before the Franklin arrived at Bath, to board the ship, and take the slave, and put him on the rails for Canada. Mr. — states that two days before the ship arrived at Bath, the United States Revenue Cutter, "Caleb Cushing," dropt anchor at the mouth of the Kennebec River, near the Fort, ordered there, it is believed, by the President of the United States, with instructions to take the fugitive slave from the barque Franklin, and send him back to the South.

As soon as the Franklin arrived, the Cutter

weighed anchor, and went to sea. No doubt the Cutter spoke the Franklin as she passed her, and was told that the slave made his escape at Holmes' Hole. Another circumstance confirms this; the day before the Franklin arrived at the mouth of the Kennebec River, there was a severe gale on that coast, and disasters to vessels were expected to occur. It was the legitimate business of the Cutter, to render aid in such cases; she ought to have gone to sea early the next morning, to look out and give assistance to vessels in distress; but no! the slaveholder's business, as usual, was first attended to; the Cutter lay in the river nearly all the next day, and until the Franklin had passed her, before she left her anchorage.

Congress was in session, when the slave arrived at Holmes' Hole; which fact went over the wires to Washington, and it is believed, that the Southern members told President Pierce

to order a United States vessel alongside of the Franklin, and send the slave back to the South ; of course the President would obey, as quick as any farmer's dog would drive a cow out of the mowing.

The Vigilance Committee, at Bath, were organized, and on the alert ; they boarded the Franklin half a mile before she reached her destination, when they were made glad to hear that the slave had already obtained his long-lost freedom.

Captain Cooke was surprised at the prompt action of the friends of Freedom. The Vigilance Committees of Bath, Boston, and New Bedford on the one hand, and Captain Cooke, the slaveholders, and the Government on the other, were in the field, and over the wires together ; while the brave woman at Gay Head, quietly bore off the prize under her own gown, bonnet, and shawl ; and a noble man

he is, robust, and powerful; equal to handling half a dozen slaveholders on free soil. Such men could never be kept in Slavery, if the arm of the North was withdrawn.

Similar cases to this, are perpetually transpiring in our country, and in view of them, we ask the reader, we ask the North, to reflect upon the conduct of the parties engaged therein. See the acts of the common sailors before the mast; the remnants of the Gay Head tribe of Indians, nominal heathen, it may be, without professions; spurning the sheriff's bribe, risking the fine and imprisonment of the Fugitive Slave Bill, and kindly ministering to the necessities of the man who had fallen among thieves, robbers, and their abettors.

On the other hand, see the acts of John Erskine, the pretended owner of the man; of Captain Cooke, and his abettors, and of Franklin Pierce, and his retainers, professing Chris-

tians ; all conspiring to send a free born man back to the hell of Southern Slavery, from which he had, through great suffering and tribulation, escaped !

Which of these actors are Infidels, and which are Christians ! judge ye ?

Boston, Hollis Street.

The Cathedral at Arezzo.

MAY 31, 1857.

BY ANNE WARREN WESTON.

I.

THE symbols of a Faith, unlike mine own,
Were all around me — strait before my eyes
Stood the high altar ; many colored dyes,
Fell through the lancet windows on the stone
Where slept Donato, then the rays were thrown
On tomb of Priest, or Pontiff, who had died,
Fighting Christ's battles in the ages gone,
And still wheree'er my glances wandered
wide,
The same suggestive beauty ; Mary's face
As ever lovely ; still in her embrace

That child, who, mid this strange world's rest-
less din,

Said of the life ineffable, unseen,

"Only as children can ye enter in."

My heart asked vaguely, what all this should
mean.

II.

To me, the alien of a colder clime,

This wealth of beauty — incense, flowers, and
shows,

These breathing forms, this coloring that
glows,

With tints that mock the potent hand of time,

They speak to me in tones profound, sublime,

But not Divine ; Art, Poetry, and Song,

With all their tales of sorrow, love, and crime,

Cluster around me, and their spell is strong.

But when for more, for God, Himself, I seek,

How, in a moment, the strong spell grows
weak !

I say not that the painter's magic touch,
The sculptor's cunning, houses, made with
hands,
May not to other human hearts say much, —
They speak not what my inmost soul de-
mands.

III.

And yet, I would not judge another's creed,
Or turn mine eyes in careless scorn away;
Better in reverent charity to say,
The ritual worship that I do not need,
May wake to life in other hearts, the seed
Of pious effort, or heroic thought;
May unto tasks of noblest duty lead
And be with gracious consolations fraught.
So mercy give not place to sacrifice,
Peace to all altars, wheresoe'er they rise.
What shall it matter, as the ages flow,
To the unnumbered multitude above,
The rites and rituals that they learned below?
The real worship was their life of love!

The Romance of History.

IN 1850.

BY THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

[THE romance of American history will, of course, be found by posterity, in the lives of fugitive slaves. And if ever there were two lives which seemed fated to be a piece of acted poetry, it was in the case of the fugitives of 1850 — William and Ellen Craft. Their romantic escape from Georgia, by means of her masculine disguise, rang through the nation. They were preserved from recapture, in Boston, simply by his personal courage, which kept his pursuers at bay. He refused to leave his own house, armed himself, locked the door, went quietly on with his carpenter's work, and dared his pursuers to take him. This, also, was well known. But there was one little incident of their heroic lives, during that siege, which I have always intended to see com-

memorated, for it involved an action, on their part, worthy of Greek or Roman fame.

I shall give it not in my own words, but in those of an eye-witness; transcribing, without permission, a part of the spirited and graceful narrative of the brave-hearted maiden, who, at the time described, gave shelter to the hunted. No farther explanation is necessary, save to say, that the narrator was at that time staying with her relatives, in a town near Boston, and in a house of which the other half was temporarily occupied by Mr. and Mrs. L.—Abolitionists true and tried.

WORCESTER, Massachusetts.

T. W. H.]

BUT to come to the point of my letter, did you imagine where Ellen Craft was, when the newspapers so wisely said she was “safe in the country?” Would you have supposed her safe if you had known that I was taking care of her, and did you suppose a woman could keep a secret for three days?

To begin at the beginning, Uncle told us, one day, that there had been some trouble in Boston about a fugitive slave, and he knew

nothing more. I walked on the piazza at dusk, that evening, with a gray mist all around, and wished I could hear anything about the affair, and remembered how they used to come every evening, in the Latimer times, and tell me the news; when a chaise drove rapidly up and stopped, and a gentleman came to the L.'s front door. As they were all out of town, I spoke to him, and discovered him to be Dr. —. I suggested that the L.'s would be at home in a day or two, and I would take any message for them; on which he said that "to speak frankly," (as if he ever could do anything else!) he had brought Ellen Craft out with him, as there was a warrant against her, and Mrs. L. had offered her protection at any time. So I begged her to come in, at once, and after a little consultation as to concealment and profound secrecy, (not very good subjects for these things, the Doctor and I, you probably think,) Mrs. Ellen came under *my* protection!

This was Friday night, and we sat together all day Saturday, and I liked her ever so much; and she helped me make a new dress, (which has been rather trying to a person of my communicative disposition, as everybody has remarked how well it looked, and insisted on knowing who made it!) But I watched her with perfect admiration, she showed such great self-control, such perfect sweetness of temper and grace of manner. She could hear nothing from her husband all day, and of course might suppose him in every danger, but she kept back her tears, and kept up her sweet looks, till late in the afternoon, when a messenger came with news of her husband and messages directly from him. And Sunday night, most unexpectedly, Dr. — appeared again, and brought her husband in person, to leave him for a night's rest, saying that he was worn out and exhausted, and absolutely needed some respite; so the Doctor shut them up in one of the L.'s

chambers and left them, with great instructions not to stir from the room, nor let any one see him.

In a few moments, however, Ellen sent to ask my aunt, (who had appeared as patroness on this last occasion,) to come to their room; and she went accordingly. She had never seen William Craft before, and said she was wholly astonished at his really noble appearance; he looked so calm, and erect, and strong, in all his danger. He said to her, "Ellen has just told me that Mr. L. is absent, and does not know we are here; I cannot stay here without his knowledge, for I am subjecting him to a heavy fine and imprisonment, and I must go at once to look for some other shelter." My aunt assured him that she could answer for Mr. L., and that he would be distressed at having them leave his house; that he was one of the best and kindest of men, and as they knew, their friend; but he only repeated that he must go at once.

Then she said that Mr. L. did not own the house, and that, his family being absent, he could not be held responsible. "That is not the question," said he, "I am not willing to take such an advantage of any man, as to conceal myself in his house without his knowledge; if he is good and kind, I must not try his kindness too far, *and I cannot feel satisfied unless I go at once.*" My aunt said she was really awed and overcome by his clear and decided manner; she saw there was no appeal, and gave them a guide to Mr. ——'s house, where she hoped they would find a welcome. Of course we did not know but pursuers might be watching for them, at our very doors; but they got there safe.

They went back into Boston the next day, as it somehow became known that they were in this vicinity. I saw them again before they went, and thought his appearance very impressive. It was partly, perhaps, as contrasted

with the excited and distressed look of all their white friends; but I think he would be remarked anywhere for that quiet dignity of manner. He maintained it, all through those hard days in Boston, and though they all thought he would kill the first man who tried to arrest him, he yet kept about his usual work, and was cooler than any one around him. I thought you would like to think of him in that little chamber, deciding so calmly to go out into the dark night and ask another shelter; Ellen crying, in spite of herself, at leaving the home she had just found; but he so clear in his conviction of a moral distinction which most men would have overlooked at any time, and put quite aside in a case of danger.

We could not say anything about them, for some time, but now that they are safe on their way to Europe, I may tell you the whole story.

Home.

BY EDWIN CHAPMAN.

WHERE is the spot on earth most deeply blest,
The haven where the weary sweetly rest,
Where come not in the tumults of the world,
Its friends betrayed, its foes to ruin hurled ;
Where meek religion, wit, philosophy,
Flow from the open founts in which they lie,
Soothing the anxious brow, the mourning heart,
Wiping away the tear-drops as they start ?

Is it not Home ?

There doth affection light her holy fire,
Fed with immortal hopes, Supreme desire ;
Brightly it burns 'mid pleasure's flowery way,
And turns the night of sorrow into day ;

Gilds with its heavenly rays the sordid cares
Born of the earth, mingles with faith's pure
prayers,

Warms every thought which rises in the soul,
And every feeling owns its soft control.

Love dwells at Home.

There woman's gentle, sacred influence,
Her deep, enduring faith, her quickened sense
Of what is true, and beautiful and good,
Her ardor for the right, well understood,
The mild persuasions of her modest tongue
Forever eloquent against all wrong.

The kindling graces round her steps that play,
Charming the hoary sage, the young, the gay,
There find their Home.

There infant cries first strike the mother's ear,
The presage sure of cares and pleasures near ;
There pours parental influence o'er the mind,
Prompts to firm steadfastness, to actions kind ;

And leads the loved ones on through child-
hood's years,
Soothes all their sorrows and allays their fears ;
Thence sends them forth to learn, to act, to
prove
Themselves not all unworthy of such love.

Sacred is Home.

There spring to birth all noble thoughts and
deeds ;
There baffled aims a higher aim succeeds ;
There is the trusted arm, the one dear heart,
Nerved to fulfil, through worldly strife, its part ;
There is oppression doomed to yield or die ;
That there the slave may lift a freeman's eye ;
There are the wretched cared for, thence the
light

Of knowledge beams on regions dark as night.

Holy is Home.

There age reposes, free from carping cares ;
Its wrinkled brow a tranquil aspect wears :

There gently creeps to its last silent bed,
With thousand blessings on its hoary head :
There sickness looks, with tearful, grateful eye,
And whispers softly to the angel nigh,
Smiles its last thanks, its slackening pressure
gives,
And then, in realms eternal, brightly lives.
Heaven is our Home.

BRISTOL, England, August 10, 1857.

Thoughts on the Theory of Anti-Slavery.

BY CHARLES FOLLEN.

TO-DAY, as in the thirty years gone by, stand the Abolitionists like travellers in the winter night. As far as we can see, the prospect is only darkness and ice. We tread no beaten path. We cannot estimate the difficulties and dangers which lie before us. As to the poor fugitive, it is all important to make quite sure of the North Star, so to us is it of chief moment to clearly see the principle which is our guiding light.

To understand the object which we pursue, consider the peculiar nature of what we oppose. "Slavery is the sum of all villainies." Cease

to traffic in men, and they become serfs. Cease to profit by their labor, and they become prisoners. Subtract one sinful element of the system, and we have no longer the "sum" — Slavery. Anti-Slavery is then the opposite of all sin. A consistent Anti-Slavery course must be the Pilgrim's Progress complete. In attacking Slavery in root and branch, we must do battle with every vice. Our enterprise covers the whole field of moral action viewed negatively. The effect of such action must be, by exercise, to develop in the actor the moral faculty; and, by example and precept, to instruct and persuade other men. Hence is the Anti-Slavery cause the true church, and the best school in our land.

All this was seen from the outset by a few clear-sighted men. Many others, however, came into the ranks with ideas false and vague. Instead of finding vital religion and morals in

the cause, they made the idea emancipation auxiliary to their religious or political career. The schism which followed was inevitable, and was as wide as their error was deep and fundamental. That which superficial criticism has carelessly called a bitter quarrel about little questions, was the stern combat of mutually exclusive ideas; one to uphold, the other to betray the cause.

The great political parties which have grown up around the Anti-Slavery nucleus have owed their short-comings and their failure to deviating from the true object, and losing sight of the principle. Genuine Anti-Slavery is worth waiting, fighting, and dying for; not so their limited divided measures, bearing on their face the sure prophecy of defeat. The slave-power well knows what it has to deal with. It cries out, "We will have, and hold, and foster, and advance our system always, and everywhere;"

and the Republican remonstrates, "let the territories be white slave-hunting ground, not black!"

Now why are the measures poor and feeble? Because American politics are a game so contrived that the better side must not only be beaten, but also lose its own integrity. As each man comes of age, he is met by the alternatives—Slavery or Disloyalty. The Abolitionist sees that the choice is inevitable; and, solemnly resolved to reject the first, he is compelled to embrace the second. Accordingly we are in a state of moral resistance to the government of the United States, and are outside its politics.

The majority of Americans choose, without compunction, the first alternative. Perhaps more than half of the Republican party do not propose, as a present or as an ultimate object, to interfere with Slavery in the States, by any means. These men even parade their loyalty

to the National institution (which enslaves four millions) to excuse their declamation about Slavery in Kansas (which injures a few thousands.) This is like swallowing the camel to enable one to make large mouths at the gnat.

There are, however, many men of deep Anti-Slavery feeling, who embark in politics under the Constitution. They reject the second alternative, and try to escape the first — with what success we shall proceed to examine. A few of them find the Constitution not Pro-Slavery; or, at least, self-contradictory; and take the oath thereto, as they understand it, though nearly the whole nation understands it otherwise, and the very nature of an oath requires that it should be similarly understood by the parties thereto. The others accept the usual interpretation of the Constitution, but contend that, by simply taking the oath, and taking part in the government, they give, in ordinary times, very little support to Slavery. The question, whether they

would give the direct aid which, on certain occasions the oath requires, they try to avoid; while an antagonist has it ever in his power to taunt them with the shame of holding their solemn promise good only under certain circumstances. They go on to say that we cannot live without aiding some sin; and that, in this case, the intentional good will far outweigh the incidental evil.

Now the facts are these. The Union was cemented by the condition, Slavery. The very life-blood of the government—the suffrage, is tainted by Slavery. The Constitution pledges the whole body politic to maintain the political institutions of the several States, hence to maintain Slavery; and, if needful, to crush slave-insurrections: and a special clause requires the giving up of fugitives. In fine, the Constitution expressly provides for itself an interpreter—the Supreme Court—which settles every question in favor of Slavery. On this basis has

arisen the United States government — “one great conspiracy against Freedom.” This Constitution does the politician swear to support. In this conspiracy must he, with whatever intentions, take his place. Standing as a pillar in the foundation, he must support the red stones as much as the white, in this blood-stained edifice. Again, it is doubtless true, that we cannot separate ourselves from sin. It is, however, the consenting thereto which constitutes sin in us; and the American politician must consent, not only to one sin but to all; that is, to Slavery. Further, admitting the philosophical conclusion, that no real evil can come of right doing, and no real good of wrong, if it should appear that the result of this political action were overwhelmingly good, we might be led to doubt even a well-founded, *a priori* conclusion. Seventy years of results are now before us. They are a record of the steady advance of Slavery, and of the constant retreat of Freedom. And this is

not all — the general decay of political honor is only too noticeable, — the natural result from politics involving the humiliating condition of an oath so bad, that to break it is a virtue.

Now how came our Constitution to be a snare and a curse? It was founded on the sacrifice of moral principle. The statesman said to himself, "I will form a mighty State;" and it was formed such, that its increase in power measures its decline in morality. Had he said, "I will cling to the idea, Justice, let states and worlds pass;" then, even if the unjust compact had been made, in spite of him, his memory would have burned a beacon-fire forever. Who shall estimate the light that would have been shed on our dark pathway, were such fires burning in the night of our past. Of all the patriots and statesmen who moulded our nation, not one had the faith and courage to sacrifice Union to save Liberty; and, therefore, great as these men

were, must they be to us more of a warning than an example.

To the Abolitionist, a review of our political condition affords a melancholy consolation. It demonstrates the correctness of his position. The wretched failure of all compromises with Slavery point to the true mode of attack — “without concealment, without compromise.” Assured that our enemy is the arch-fiend, let us attack him wherever he takes refuge! Church and State shelter him. Then must we war against both. This is no fanaticism, but a settled determination, the result of deliberate conviction. We are guided, not by the sharp flash of one idea, but by the light of all the moral rays brought to a focus.

Sure of the true object, let us have faith to pursue it steadily. Let him who has given his life to the cause, when “weary and old with service,” he sees only Slavery ever advancing,

timid politicians ever yielding, and the faithful few scarcely increased in number, rest assured that the good seed he has sown cannot be lost; that some hard, sharp event shall point the moral of his tale, and cause his words to be remembered and acted out. When, with grief, he sees how a Webster can avail to leave the world a legacy of political immorality, let him learn the enduring power of word and deed, — how our influence outlasts our life; if for evil, then assuredly for good.

Let us, just entering the battle, have a steady faith in the cause. Let us not, because we (very rightly) sympathize with a party, consume our time and means at elections. Our own cause demands that time and means. Above all, let not our votes be drawn from us. Our position as non-voters is not inaction. It is an active protest, every day better understood. It is saying to the slave-power, North and South, "We will not for an instant recognize you. We

are resolved to overthrow you." It is saying to the so-called Anti-Slavery politicians, "We will not send you to swear allegiance to what we are determined to destroy." By adhering to this high and honorable position, we draw some men to us, many around us. By sacrificing it, we lower the standard of Freedom throughout the community, and strike a blow at all Anti-Slavery action.

On the other hand, while we are ever watchful to yield not a hair's breadth in vital matters, let us not be disturbed by trifles. It is of small importance, in our enterprise, whether a man writes or speaks according to our taste, and whether he holds our opinions on other subjects. Fastidiousness, wearing the semblance of solicitude for the credit of the cause, springs too often from want of faith in the worth and power of truth.

Let us not be dismayed because we are few. Remember that, considering the number of

laborers, their influence is wonderful. Let us not, however, depend on observing progress; but rather rest assured that our cause is the very right; hence the result must be permanently good. To understand this, is our philosophy. To have faith in this, is our religion.

Boston, Massachusetts.

Say You Will.

BY ELIZA LEE FOLLEN.

At my home, in the country, was an old well ; once its water was so clear and sparkling that it refreshed soul and body to drink of it. Many a thirsty pilgrim had gathered new strength and spirits from its living spring.

This was the true character of the water, but an old pump which must have been originally of some imperfect wood so injured the nature and taste of the water, that though we could not help having a sort of natural affection for the old pump, our whole family came to the conclusion that it was better for the general health and safety that it should be taken up and a nice wooden bucket put in its place, so that we

might all enjoy the pleasure and security of drinking pure healthful water, just as mother earth gives it to her children, in its crystal beauty and freshness, from the bottom of the well.

This decision did not please our neighbors, who were in the habit of coming to the well for water. They said that the pump saved them a great deal of trouble, that it did not hurt the water much; the taste was very slight, and did not injure any body; that all water had a slight taste, and they did not see that any one was the worse for it; that pumps were thought well of by every one. In short, they added, if we took it up we should never have anything so good in its place, and they seriously doubted whether we could get the water at all without the pump.

"But," said my eldest brother, Moses, "the old pump is rotten, and so the water is hurtful."

"All pumps get rotten after awhile," said one man.

"It is n't all rotten," said another.

"I tell you what," said an old woman, who had been filling her bucket while this conversation went on, "the smartest and the best man in all our village, and that was your own grandpa, Master Moses, put down that 'ere pump when I was a gal, and that's going on seventy years ago. And I tell you now, if you take it up, the water 'll all dry away, and you 'll see his face in the bottom of the well, see if you don't."

One day, soon after, a number of the villagers assembled around the old pump, in solemn conclave, to discuss the question of its removal. Brother Moses went out and joined them. Some of them looked very angrily at him; no one spoke a civil word to him. One very red-faced man, in particular, seem'd full of spite towards him.

"I say," cried he, "you Moses, I guess if you're such a madman as to go to taking up that 'ere pump, you'll get the worst on't before you're done; that good old pump, that's stood there ever since I knowed anything. It would be a good thing to put you under its nose a little while, and see if that wouldn't cool your hot head a little. Why, the old pump has more sense in it than you and your whole family, with your new-fangled notions. The next thing you'll go to doing will be to try to set folks agin all pumps, and what shall we come to then? Didn't the same man that wrote that beautiful life of General Pierce, write down the history of an old pump? He would respect pumps, if you cant. He knew what they were worth."

Another man, after examining the pump carefully, said, in a more respectful tone, "Don't you think, friend Moses, if we were to put a new handle and a new nose to the old pump,

and have it cleaned a little, it would answer very well? and I am quite sure open wells are dangerous."

Brother Moses quietly heard them both, and simply replied, "I believe, friends, you are both engaged in different branches of the pump-making business, so you are prejudiced."

While they were all talking together the minister came along. "Let's ask Dr. Treadwell what he thinks," said two or three of the villagers.

The minister listened to the question, but seemed unwilling to make any reply. At last he said, "Do you know what Deacon Poor thinks?" "O, he's agin moving it." "And what says Deacon Little?" "O, he's agin all open wells."

"I should like," said Dr. Treadwell, "to know what Squire Toploft thinks."

"Why, he's got three pumps of his own, that shows what he thinks," cried the red-faced man."

"These men," said Dr. Treadwell, "must know better than I about such things ; I should think the pump had better remain where it is."

"But," said brother Moses, "it is rotten, and the water is poisonous."

"My good friend," said the minister, "our fathers knew what they were about when they put down pumps. They are, in fact, now a time-honored institution. I cannot, therefore, believe that they are hurtful to the water. To take one up might be a dangerous precedent. And you see how the agitation of this question has set all the villagers against you ; they talk of nothing else. Is it not wiser and safer to let the pump remain just as your grandfather placed it ? However, this is not a question for me to decide."

"Do you not know," said Moses, "that rotten wood poisons the water ?"

"That is a question that it does not belong

to my calling to answer," replied Dr. Treadwell. "I wish you all well; good evening; my blessing attend you." And he passed on.

The villagers, of course, claimed Dr. Treadwell as on their side, and redoubled their threats and insolent advice. Brother Moses gave no heed to either. "As I am a living man," said he, "I'll haul up this old rotten pump, and we'll have pure water to drink!"

No one would lend him a derrick, so poor as he was, he had to buy one. Ere long I saw Moses climb down the icy cold well, and fasten the chain round the old rotten pump. And now he and his brothers begin to pull the ropes. The rotten thing had so settled down into the clay that it did not seem to move a hair's breadth. Again brother Moses descends the well, he winds another rope round the pump and adjusts anew the first one. Now he comes up again, his face all in a glow with hope and confidence, and seizes the rope with

new courage. O, he is a brave fellow; see how he strains every nerve, and throws all his force into his arms, and now hear him singing out at the top of his voice, "Say you will, boys; say you will!"

Slowly, very slowly, I saw the old pump move; but it did move, while Moses and his companions still sang the heart-cheering song, "Say you will, boys; say you will!"

At last the old rotten pump was lifted up, and laid on the ground, and soon after it was sawed up and put away for fire-wood. And now a pretty but strong railing is put round the well, and a wheel and nice iron-bound wooden bucket brings us up pure water from the open well, in which we can see the blue sky by day, and the stars by night. The villagers are reconciled, for they are refreshed by its sparkling waters. The minister says nothing, but I think he wishes he had advised it.

A pretty drinking vessel, suspended at the

well, invites the wayfarer to stop to drink, and he goes on his way blessing the healthful, invigorating draught.

Is there not a truth for us lying at the bottom of this old well? Is not the vital spring of our national life poisoned by rotten, political machinery? Is it not the selfish interests of truckling politicians, the timidity of an unfaithful clergy, the servility of so-called law and order men, that stand in the way of a reform of these abuses? And have we not a brother Moses, who has said they shall be removed? Has he not out of his own brave heart, and at his own cost, set a great moral derrick at work? and shall we not take hold with him? And, though the heavy burthen does not seem to move, let us not despair? but rather put out new energy, and with fresh courage and a stronger resolution, join in his inspiring song, "Say you will, boys; say you will!"

*La Notte Di Michelangiolo.**

SONNETS.

BY HOWARD WORCESTER GILBERT.

I.

PALE Dawn that struggles with a dream of Day,
And beaming Day that, crowned with golden
light,
Seems glorying in his own radiance bright,

* The Chapel of Michael Angelo, in the Cathedral of San Lorenzo, at Florence, contains four master-pieces of that great sculptor, one group representing Day and Night, and another, opposite to this, the Morning and Evening Twilight; while in a niche above the latter, is a statue of Lorenzo d'Urbino, and in a second, on another side of the Chapel, a Virgin Mother bending over the Christ-child. In reply to Alfonso Strozzi, the artist thus obscurely hints the idea embodied in the inimitable figure of the "Night," into whose mouth he puts the following words:—

Giovami il sonno, e più l'esser di sasso,
Mentre che li danno e la vergogna dura;
Non udir, non veder mi è gran ventura:
Però non mi svegliar, deh! parla basso!

And Twilight fading into Night away, —
Those Forms that o'er the fleeting Hours hold
sway, —

And o'er the changeful lives of men have
might,

And long have ruled the nations in their
flight, —

What in thy heavy swoon to thee are they?

There is an infinite sorrow in thy mien;

A sorrow wearied into endless sleep, —

As thou hadst drained in thy despair serene,

Of poppy or mandragora, some deep

And sluggish draught, and thus had drowséd
been,

And the dead silence of thy woes didst keep.

II.

In San Lorenzo's Chapel, gray and dim,

Hath the old master wrought this thought in
stone,

And toiling there in silence and alone,

Hath for all ages left this dream of him.

The tyrant, too, in armor clad and grim,
Looks down in sullen gloom from off his
throne ;

And Mary, mother, o'er her child doth moan ;
And over all steals the cathedral-hymn.

While ever in the throbbing city round,

Life is one scene of wide and stifled woe, —

The mournful-eyed Italian aye hath found

The fate so drear, embodied long ago,

For his sad land, sunk in her heavy swound,

By the great, sorrowing soul of Angelo.

III.

Columbia ! steering through these stranger-seas,

To thee, oh, could the Italian pilot bring

No eastern tidings of the young day-spring,

Nor golden day, but only such as these ?

Let not this heaviness thine eyelids seize,

And o'er thy heart a death-cold slumber fling,

Leaving thee in an endless slumbering,

Thy draught dull drainéd to the drowsy lees !

Ah ! though the morn is beaming gloriously, —
The night with all its dusky shadows past, —
Of all the sleepers thou alone shalt lie
Sunk in thy sluggish dream when, at the
last,
The Angel bright of Freedom hurrying by,
Shall rouse all nations with his trumpet-
blast.

CHESTER COUNTY, Pennsylvania, }
March, 1857. }

The Inalienable Love.

BY CAROLINE H. DALL.

"The thing we long for, that we are,
For one transcendent moment;
Before the present, poor and bare,
Can make its sneering comment."

J. R. LOWELL.

It is humiliating to confess it, but one morning I felt desperately out of humor. Crouched upon my front door-steps for the fourth or fifth time, I had found a half-idiotic fugitive girl, with twin babies in her arms. I was always helping her, and it never did any good. My slender purse was well nigh empty, and she still resolutely refused to go to the poor house. She was such a contrast to the majority of bright,

active, colored people, whom I never saw but once, that I felt it insufferably provoking.

“What in the world have she and her two babies to do with freedom?” I half muttered to myself.

I spoke these words in the City of Toronto, as I stood at my study window, looking out upon my bower of guelder roses, whose white blossoms did nothing to appease my unrest. Far beyond, a gleaming silvery line, showed me the broad bosom of Ontario. Over it, bent the glad blue sky, and on each side of my bower, ran a line of arched wood-sheds. From under one of these arches, the steady grating of a saw kept time to my thoughts.

All at once it ceased, and an old colored man, with snow-white hair and a back somewhat bent by rheumatism, came out and crossed the yard, followed by a crippled child, who begged peevishly for a mug of cold water. That bent and broken form, reader, had once been as

stalwart and graceful as God ever gave to man, and as I gazed after him, my heart softened, my unrest seemed to vanish, and tears suffused my eyes. At the moment a thought struck me. "James," I said, (and the old man hobbled towards me, uncovering his silver hairs as he waited,) "James, what did you come over for? What was it that tempted *you*, a whole century old, to take this last weary journey?" He looked very sober, but answered presently; "I've told it many a time, missis. It was the love of freedom, and nothing else."

"But Jim, you are so old and weak. Remember how sick you were last winter; what difference could it make to you?"

"Ah, missis," answered the old man, his features brightening. "Ah, missis! I'd like *to die free!*"

I paused, touched by the evident reverence with which he regarded his own ideal; but I resumed, alluding to the woman who had just

left the yard. "And Cecilia, Jim, did that poor creature want to die free?"

"I don't know," he answered, with a puzzled air, "leastways she 'd like the piccaninnies to!" I let James turn away. "They call it the Inalienable Right," I said to myself, "but it is more. It is the Inalienable Love, or this miserable idiot and poor Jim, would still be in Louisiana."

During many following months, I occupied myself, from time to time, in writing old Jim's story. I could only get it scrap by scrap, for once started on the theme, his memory cut all sorts of antics, and gave me everything but what I wanted. Though I never got the whole in regular detail, yet I shall give the sketch so far as it goes, to the public. We often wonder at the freshness and strength of our Anti-Slavery orators, but if a man felt his power flag, after thirty years of service, he need only read one such story as that of James Robinson, to

feel himself reinforced for another half century. I could not write the story as he told it. If I were to use the English tongue with the nervous strength that he did, when he told the bitterest portion of his tale, all the women in the land would tear the pages out of the fair volume ; yet, alas ! if we but knew it, when we mention the word Slavery, we sum up all possible indecencies as well as all possible villainies. In the cover of its consonants and vowels lie hid all manner of evils, that woman dare not name, even though to name were to avert them from half their sex.

James Robinson was born near Snow Hill, on the eastern shore of Maryland, between Princess Ann and Salisbury, in 1751. His parents were free negroes. His father was the son of a man who had been manumitted by will, in Minerva, Virginia, and his mother was born on Macomacs River, near Green Hill church. They were devout Methodists, and it

is strange to think, that James can still remember how, one hundred years ago, his mother held his hands, and taught him to say at her knee, the Ten Commandments and the Lord's Prayer. They lived on a farm of eight or ten acres, which had been given to Robinson by John W. Loring, of Snow Hill. Mr. Loring was himself a Virginian, and had known the value of Robinson's services in his youth. A son of Mr. Loring married the only daughter of Billy Francis Laselle, just as the will of his master manumitted Robinson. This marriage brought young Loring a large farm on the eastern shore, on which he placed about thirty slaves, and the old man told Robinson, if he would go to the new place with his son, he would give him a piece of land of his own, and pay him good wages. Robinson consented. He built himself a house on Mr. Loring's farm, received a deed of the land, and lived on it to the day of his death. Just opposite Mr. Lor-

ing's farm was old Billy Laselle's. He was a good Abolitionist. James always spoke this word with a great deal of pride,—as if it made a great deal of difference to him whether he began life in the service of a freeman or not. As soon as he was old enough to drive a carriage, Mr. Laselle took him, and finally employed him as “table-man” and “body-servant.” His freedom was recorded at the Court House, in Annapolis, when he first entered Mr. Laselle's service. Laselle was a lawyer, travelling often to Annapolis, Frederickton, or Baltimore. James always accompanied him on these journeys, and if his master was not satisfied with the bed provided for him, he made him share his, saying, what James cannot now repeat with dry eyes, “I want my boy to sleep and feed as well as I do.” Laselle's son Robert was James's foster brother, and when they were both about twenty-one, Jim went with his master to Annapolis. The latter had been at one

time a member of the Colonial House, or, as James would have it, a member of Congress to Annapolis; but he thinks he was pleading before a court when he was seized with his last illness. Poor James stood beside him ready to fill his glass with water, or otherwise wait on him while he spoke. He had urged the subject of Emancipation, for he was pleading in behalf of a slave, and he spoke solemn words to heedless ears. "I am pleading my last cause," he said, "unless I am once more permitted to plead for myself, before my heavenly Father's throne." As the last words struggled from between his thin, pale lips, there oozed out, also, the bright red stream of his life-blood; and lifted in the strong arms of his servant, he was borne, for the last time, to his room. He had been long in a slow decline, and, strange as it may seem, in those days, James never knew him to take a glass of wine. He often quoted the Bible to sustain his plan of Emancipation,

saying it was written, that "*Every* man shall eat his bread in the sweat of his brow." He now repeated these things to the brother and cousin, who stood beside his bed, reading to him from the English Prayer Book. He desired to make his will, and his friends proposed that Jim should leave the room.

"No!" said his kind master, "Jim's freedom has been secured these many years. I have only to put that fact into the will."

So James staid in the room, and saw the will signed and witnessed by these two gentlemen. The sick man refused to send word to his son and daughter of his illness, but desired to be buried where he died. He had just given this direction when his gray head fell back among the pillows, and Benjamin Laselle said, "Jim, your old father is dead!"

Poor Mr. Laselle! he was rich, but he could not secure the honor of his family. He went down to the grave loving and beloved; but his

son was yet to bear his honored name, till it became an execration and a by-word. Jim closed his eyes, and as soon as the funeral was over, took charge of his master's papers and returned to Snow Hill. He drove home his master's sulky, by the side of which it had been his custom to ride on horseback. Under the seat was a box, which contained the papers he had in charge. There was in it a letter to an attorney, Josiah Daily, concerning the freedom of Mr. Laselle's people. It had been dictated by his dying master, but was written by Mr. Benjamin Laselle. When Jim reached Snow Hill, he found the attorney and a certain Judge Doane with Mr. Robert, and in their presence he gave him the box and the key that opened it. In a fortnight the will was registered, and Robert and Miss Loring entered on the possession of an immense and well-stocked estate. But there were no laborers. The slaves were all freed, and no one of them cared to trust

his newly-acquired liberty to the honor of Mr. Robert Laselle. Probably this occasioned the man a good deal of inconvenience. He was reckless, and it was soon rumored that the property was going.

James appears to have been the only negro that lingered in the neighborhood. His father's freedom was so well known, that he seems to have thought himself safe while at work on the old man's farm. It was not long, however, before he heard that Mr. Robert said, "Jim lived too much like a white man," and threatened that he should soon feel the yoke again.

'Still James did not fly. A stupid sort of trust in the Laselle honor he certainly must have felt, but he began to be sorry that he had never been to school. Ever since he could remember, there had been a good school at Snow Hill. About fifty children came together daily, under two teachers, the head man, a certain

Englishman, named Cornish, being his especial horror.

James could not tell how this school was supported, but old Mr. Cornish knew how to use the whip, and neither coaxing nor scolding could prevail upon Jim to come within reach of the lash. There was so little prejudice against color along the eastern shore, at this time, that some fifteen mulatto children, and half as many free born blacks, went to this school, with the white children of the neighborhood.

James had been at home working on his father's farm only six months, when he went to the sea-side for a load of oysters. The old man rode on horseback, and James drove a team, for they were now very well to do in the world. As they drew near Snow Hill, on their return, old Robinson rode on ahead. He was hardly out of sight, when Jim saw five or six men come out of the woods. Saw it with-

out any wholesome dread ; for how should he know that these pale faces were his bitterest foes ? He was almost instantly struck on the back of the head, losing all consciousness.

The chivalrous kidnapper, like a certain deceased representative, knew the value of blood, and bone, and muscle, and looking on Robinson's tall, athletic frame, determined to bring it to his own level.

When the poor fellow came to himself, he found a gag in his mouth, and perceived that he was in a carriage, moving rapidly. The gag was a piece of wood, which lay firmly over the tongue, and was buckled by straps behind the head.

They drove directly to the sea shore, where the men put off in a boat, and Jim soon found himself on board a regular slave ship. The vessel and its cargo belonged to a trader, named David L. Lord, whose history James knew well. His father was a Snow Hill farmer, and David

had had a good education ; he was on board, and helped the men up the side. "Jim," said he, "you are my property, I've paid for you."

"You have never bought me," answered Jim, "for I am a free man. I know my father could not sell me !"

"I've paid for you, and that is enough for me," answered Lord, and Jim afterwards discovered that he had paid Robert Laselle for leave to kidnap him.

There were three hundred men, women, and children on board the slave ship, and the men were chained together in gangs of from ten to twenty. They went on board the vessel on Saturday, and made for Dam Quarter, at the mouth of the bay, where Lord had a slave prison. Here they arrived on Sunday morning, and taking forty men on board, again put to sea.

On Tuesday, they reached another small seaport on the western shore. Here the children

were put into wagons with the old and feeble, while in mournful procession the able-bodied were marched towards Baltimore.

They left Baltimore on Wednesday morning, taking the high roads in a south-westerly direction. Travelling all day, they came, about sunset, to a Quaker village. Some white men, who knew Lord, came running out of this village, and said, "Turn back!" This was Lord's first land journey with slaves, and trembling like a leaf, he asked, "Which way?" The question was answered, and the gangs were turned right about, and ran at full speed till about eleven o'clock, that night. They took a branch road, which led them into the woods, where they kindled fires to cook their food, and encamped about them for the night. It was in the spring, quite warm enough to lie on the leaves, but it was hard, that when one lay down the whole gang must do the same. A dozen armed men attended them, and Jim remembers all their

names, and can describe their faces. He was so constantly seeking for opportunities to elude their vigilance, that the lapse of seventy years has not effaced the picture on his brain.

Every day some of these men were sent forward to provide food. They went over Spencer's Hill and crossed the Blue Ridge, in Virginia, going thence to Parkersburg, on the Ohio. Here they were put upon two flat boats, lashed together. At Duck Creek, Lord left them with fifty children, whom he intended to employ in a rope-walk, in that neighborhood. They finally reached Louisville, where Robinson and his company were marched into the suburbs, to "Mann's lick," where David Lord's half brother boiled salt. Here the gang worked for a whole year, but the next spring they were again packed on to flat boats, and sent to Louisiana. These boats were loaded with beans, flour, pork, salt, cattle, and men. The pilot carried the boats over the Falls, the men walking along the shore.

The boats went down the river with the current, only using the oars to avoid the snags. Somewhere on the journey Jim remembers the Devil's Race-ground, a rapid full of enormous snags, ready to tear the boat in pieces.

They landed at Natchez, where many of the men were sold, but the overseer asked fifteen hundred dollars for Jim more than the people of Natchez were ready to give, so he went, with one hundred picked slaves, to New Orleans. Here he was sold from the block, in front of a slave jail, on the Levee. He, poor fellow, called it the *American* slave jail. I do not know with what authority, except that I have observed that he was fond of conferring a certain sort of national dignity on the institution. His jails were all *American* jails, and when he wished to speak of a lawyer who was specially villainous, he was sure to call him the *United States* Attorney! I told him that I thought he brought a heavy price for those times. He owned, with a shrug, that

he should not have liked to bring less, and added, that his sister, who had been kidnapped near Baltimore, was knocked down, at the same time, for two thousand dollars. The price was paid by a Frenchman, who wanted a wife, and always treated her well. Jim's master was a certain Calvin E. Wyeth, who had a large farm in the suburbs. At this farm, Jim was welcomed with thirty-nine lashes on his bare back, the first he had ever received in his life.

"Why do you beat me?" he asked, innocently enough.

"When we buy a mule, we break him," was the brutal answer, "and when we buy a slave, we break him, too."

All his clothes were taken away, and for six months he had only a cloth about his loins. He was not allowed to wash it, and when it became too stiff to wear, he again asked for his clothes, and received another. He was afterwards taken to the "Second Creek Farm." It

was not the fashion to talk about "plantations" then.

This was many miles above New Orleans, near Natchez. He staid there seven years, and was finally carried to a "sugar farm," between New Orleans and Baton Rouge, and remained there a still longer time. He does not know how long, but until 1814, the year in which he defended New Orleans. Here he built himself a cabin. It was of logs, chinked with mud, and had only one room. He was obliged to build it on the Sabbath Day. All who did not, Wyeth said, must lie out of doors. In this cabin the bitterest insult that can be offered to a man, was offered to this poor slave. Wyeth was accustomed to draw about fifty women from each of his large farms, to increase his stock. His plans were laid with a sagacity which insured the value of his future property. The parents were chosen for their beauty and vigor,

and the women were not allowed to labor, except at spinning or household service.

A handsome, bright mulatto, had been given to James, soon after he came into Wyeth's possession, and he, poor lonely fellow, did not find it hard to love her. He had become the father of five children, three of them sons, when the eye of the master rested too long on their mother. His own wife was dying, and Wyeth took the mother forcibly from her young children, and carried her to preside over his splendid home. The house was near Springfield, in Louisiana. It was large and stately, built of pure white stone; the handsomest mansion in all those parts. While Nancy, who would gladly have remained faithful, was dragged into the luxurious life, which such a home offered. Poor James was left alone in his cabin, and threatened with death if he ever set foot in Springfield.

"Did you never go?" I asked.

"Ah, missis, life is sweeter than any woman," was his somewhat evasive reply.

Sometimes the overseer came down to the sugar farm, and then Robinson would ask about his wife. The last that he heard of her was, that she had become the mother of five sons by her master, who graciously condescended to send them to school with his legitimate heirs. The poor fellow struggled on with his neglected little ones till they were men and women grown. The overseer of the sugar farm was a kind and merciful man. His name was James Alley, and he came from Virginia. When he took the farm, he made Mr. Wyeth sign a paper, promising to give the slaves plenty to eat, and never to take a man off the farm without his leave. This secured, he promised on his side, to get more work out of his thousand men than had ever been done before. Up to Alley's time, Jim had been the leader of the thousand, and had been compelled by whip, to keep

twenty rods ahead of the rest. I repeat his words. For myself, I cannot guess what significance these twenty rods had. When Alley came to the farm, he called the slaves all round him, and told them what bargain he had made with their master. The poor, simple things broke into shouts of joy.

"Namesake," said he to Robinson, "your master says you're the swiftest hand on the place. He has but one fault to find with you, that you pray too much. I shall never blame you for that, for prayer makes a good workman. You may pray all day, if you don't stop work for it."

"Thank you, sir," said Jim, "I could not live if I did not pray; but I have never lost an hour's work by it."

"It will be a good thing," interrupted Wyeth, "if you can break it up. I have whipped him many a time in vain. He spoils all the men; he spoiled Andrew —."

Poor Andrew! At the mention of his name Robinson's tears rolled down. Andrew belonged to the cotton farm. He was a fine Virginian, sixty years old, and the best hand on the place. He and Robinson were working in parallel cotton rows. They were very brisk, but they were talking of the "Lord of Glory," and the good time they would have in his fields. There were three black drivers on this farm; one of them came along at the instant, and with the lash of his whip wound round his arm, swung the loaded butt into Andrew's skull. Sinking upon his knees, his hands meekly folded over his breast, the noble spirit passed. His eyes opened only once after he was struck. They fell on Robinson, and his last murmured words were, "Hold out a little longer, brother, *I'm in sight of home.*"

During all the years that Jim worked on the sugar farm, he saw but four men whipped. From this farm he was drawn to serve in the

battle of New Orleans, under Jackson, to fight in defence of the country which had so generously secured his manly rights! The country which kidnapped him when a boy, abused him as a man, outraged him as a husband, insulted him as a father! The country, which, let it be broad as the continent, and long as the earth's axis, offered never a square inch of land or water which he might call his own. The country which broke him like a mule, left him naked like a dog, and rejected him, in his old age, like a worn out steed!

Oh, God of Mercies! what spirit nerved this man to fight the battles of his oppressor! How grew he, in one short hour, to such height of manly virtue, that they dared trust to *his* right hand, their lives, their liberties, their sacred honor?

At this time James was the father of five children, born in Louisiana. His oldest son was forty years old. He had never been willing

to replace poor Nancy, and kind Mr. Alley did not press him. He still wears about his neck, in a little leathern purse, the faded certificate which Jackson wrote for him. It tells how the bearer, an able-bodied man, of about sixty years, fought gallantly at the battle of New Orleans. And by *extra secret services*, made himself especially useful to his General; who pledged himself to do his utmost to secure the freedom he had so nobly earned.

Poor Robinson! that "Hope," which springs "eternal in the human breast," deluded him, for long years. He trusted his General, and worked through fifteen patient seasons more, before, *at eighty years of age*, he took his freedom into his own hands. In this time, he passed through the hands of five masters, in several States, for old Mr. Wyeth died, and his estate was divided. He experienced in these changes, all the evils of the peculiar institution. He was compelled to marry as often as

he changed his residence ; so often, that when he reached Toronto, in 1851, he believed himself to be the father of twenty-seven children, of whom only one, a poor little cripple, born in his extreme, but *free* old age, remained to cheer its infirmities. He came last into the hands of a son of his first master. Stephen Wyeth was now an old man. He was as fierce and licentious as his father had been. But old James had not fought the battles of his country in vain. He would not bear from the son, at eighty years, what he had borne from the father, at thirty. On his estate he had married what *he* called a young wife ; that is, a woman about forty years old, and the two determined to escape together.

Going into the city with a load for market, he took a little time for himself, and went to see some gentlemen who knew of his secret services at the time of the battle. These gentlemen, whose names he still holds sacred, gave

him some passes up the river, which enabled him to elude the vigilance of the police, while others wrote some certificates of his good character, and signed them with names well known, some twenty-five years ago, the whole length of the Mississippi River. It was always my intention to copy these papers, but it distressed him to part with them for a moment, and so, from time to time, it was put off.

James went on board a river boat, which left him at St. Louis. He had an idea that he should not be safe until he reached Ohio; so weary years were spent in working and walking, walking and working, till he reached Hamilton County. Here his wife went out to service, and he found regular work. Here his first and last child was born, the poor little cripple of whom we have spoken. "My *first* child!" he would say, pathetically; "all the rest belonged to my masters!" Here, in time, he bought a bit of land, erected a little shed,

and raised vegetables for market, as he had been wont to do at Snow Hill ; fit occupation for a calm old age.

Here he lived fifteen years, till the news of the infamous Fugitive Slave Bill penetrated his bosky home. He had lived too many years in misery to be willing to accept anything less than *certain* freedom now, so he sold his little farm, and crossing Lake Erie at the nearest point, partly paid and partly *begged* his way to Toronto. *Begged his way!* although he left Ohio with the savings of fifteen years in his pocket. There are in Canada, as well as the United States, men who look upon the money of the fugitive as their lawful spoil. His wife was old, and feeble ; prematurely worn with anxious cares, his little boy hobbled along at his side, and so, late on an October evening, in 1851, they entered Toronto. I found them the following winter in the course of my visiting. The season proved unusually severe, but they

did not beg. A sick woman, whom I went to see, told me that in the next house, or cabin, if you will, I should find a very old man, dying of the cold. I went in, and found the three. The wife showed me well written certificates of character, from respectable men in Ohio, and in a few days, poor James was put on my pension list. After long nursing he recovered, and some thick flannels kept him more comfortable.

I did not mean to lose sight of him again, but other claims pressed, and one cold evening, towards spring, I was walking out of the city with a friend, when we met old James, with a small bag in his hand, and an axe resting on his bent shoulder. He told us that he was driven for work, and so had consented to cut wood for a man we knew, about four miles out of town. Every morning before light he shouldered his axe, and every evening, at sunset, he walked home. He was not fitly clothed for the walk. We saw it, and asked what was in his bag. It

was empty now, but had held a little parched corn, or "*such like*" for his dinner. "A poor dinner," we suggested. He did not mind that, he said, only there was no hope of its being better for a long time. He was to receive no wages till he had chopped eight cords of wood, and he had only just finished his third. He felt it rather hard not to get his wages every Saturday night. I walked on towards the glowing sunset with a glowing heart. I saw that this was one of the means by which the employer was learning to defend himself against the irregularity of fugitive labor; but I could not be reconciled. I could not talk, and my annoyed companion soon left me to my own musings. I took care that old Jim should not go forth again with a dinner of parched corn, but that did not hinder the natural consequences from following. Before he had finished cutting his fifth cord of wood, he fell sick of rheumatic fever, and though I went

myself to his hard-hearted employer, he never received a farthing for his labor. After a long convalescence, which left him unfit to work, he contrived to get a bit of ground about two miles out of town. Here his friends put up a little cabin, and he once more began to raise vegetables, which his wife carried to his friends for sale. Poor James Robinson! I left him in kind hands, when I came away, and I have never heard of his death. Yet, I cannot help hoping that he is now toiling with the "Lord of Glory," united to his faithful Andrew, permitted once more to behold the wife of his youth, beyond the control of *American* slave jails — beyond the grasp of *United States* attorneys! Surely this story, read by American children, ought to stimulate them to united efforts to wipe off this national disgrace! May God give them strength for all the sacrifices and labors which such efforts involve. May He open the way to an hour, when our Eagle

shall no longer be mistaken for a vulture, tearing out the vitals of men — when its outspread wings may hint at another flight than that of the fugitive — when its voice shall sound a lofty summons to duty, and not an insatiate cry for food.

Boston, 49 Bradford Street,
August 20, 1857.

Christ the Agitator.

BY NATHANIEL HALL.

"I CAME not to send peace," said that meek and holy one of Israel, "but a sword." Not, of course, that this was the specific and ultimate purpose of his coming, but an incidental and temporary result of it; to be ascribed not to his religion, but to the resisting hearts that it addresses and rebukes. And so it is, that wherever Christianity has come, as a living voice and embodiment, a vital influence and force, from the beginning onwards, there has been that which the "sword" typifies. What tumult followed in the sacred steps of him, its divinest personation, though scattering blessings, like heavenly flowerets, wherever he passed, —

a tumult culminating in the dread tragedy of Calvary. And when its deathless self had voice again through the person of his followers, again the tumult, extending to the people and other lands. Jew and Gentile were alike its foes, for it exposed alike their superstitions, and rebuked their practises. Through fire and blood, over the ashes and graves of its myriad martyrs, did it make its way; bringing not peace, but destroying what it found; arousing the world from its loved repose, beneath the shade of error, in the embrace of sin; dishonoring its idols; discrowning its heroes; disquieting its sovereigns; glancing unwelcome light into the chambers of the soul; restoring to conscience her awakening trump, and pointing anew her long forceless shafts; enkindling in those who received it an indomitable courage to maintain, and in those who rejected a fiery resolution to oppose; — verifying the prediction that “nation should rise against nation,

and kingdom against kingdom, and a man's foes should be they of his own household."

There was peace, indeed, at last, when Christianity became an institution of the state, and found a friend and disciple on the throne of the Cesars, and edictive prescription and lawful martyrdom were for a time no more. But what a peace was that!—the peace of slumber and indifference—peace, because the religion was no longer a living force; because her divine countenance was veiled; and her free step fettered, and corruption upon corruption had made her distorted semblance but a travesty of her native self. And when the brave spirits of the Reformation, catching glimpses, through her records, of her native self, struck at these corruptions, and gave clarion-like vocality to her eternal Word, then was that peace broken forever. Nor can there be peace, true and worthy, until the work then begun is carried forward to its completion; until the church becomes a

living embodiment of its Lord; its breath his spirit; its creed his word; personal fidelity to him, and thus to one another, its covenant; goodness, purity, love, these as a living experience; a deepening consciousness, its accepted trinity, its realized salvation. Nor can there be peace in the world abroad until Christianity, as a living presence and power, shall be enthroned on its high places, shall rule in its councils, shall decree in its courts, shall expunge from constitution and statute-book whatever militates against its law of justice and of right; until its immortal principles, its golden rule, are practically recognized in all the institutions and usages of society.

Men cry, "Peace! peace!" Upholding iniquity, legalizing injustice, trampling scornfully on human rights, they yet deprecate agitation, they ask for peace. In the very presence of Christianity, in her name even, they ask thus for peace. It cannot be. Not until day consort

with night; not until the light that shone out of heaven, in the person of Jesus, succumbs to the darkness it came to scatter; not until the light itself has kindled, and God's spirit fanned in the souls of Christendom, is extinguished by the shadows of unbelief and sin; not until Christianity itself dies out from the heart, the belief, the memory of the world.

“But this perpetual controversy, this ceaseless agitation, destroying the peace of communities and families, is it not an evil?” That is not the question, but this, rather,—Does it exist by the displacement of a good, or does it take the place of a greater evil? Is indifference to the claims and mission of holiest truth, a good? Is an inapprehension of surrounding evils and wrongs, which affront its spirit and retard its triumphs, a good? Is a lack of interest in the great social problems the age is called upon, in the name of Christ and humanity, to solve, and of the means and instrumentalities

that offer themselves for this, a good? And if the evil named, and which we allow, in itself, to be one, is conditional to the production of a substantial good; if, by the winds and fires of controversy and agitation, society be purified, advanced, redeemed; if Truth and Right obtain thereby a wider realm and surer sway, shall we deprecate them? The demon rent and tore the man as it came out of him. Would we have deprecated the process in view of the result? Nor should we, then, the process whereby that same Divine Exorcist is working to-day, by the influences of his religion, for the expulsion of the demons of modern society. Let controversy and agitation go on. They *will* go on; let them be accepted as means to holiest ends. Only let us see to it, so far as we ourselves engage therein, that a love of Truth and Right animate and lead us; that an uncontentious and forbearing spirit be conjoined with an uncompromising fidelity to the law of justice and of

love. If, with such spirit and motive, we become agitators and peace-breakers, in God's name *be* it so. It was so with Christ and all his martyrs. I know not that we are ever to seek peace as an ultimate and specific end. I *do* know that we are never to seek it by the slightest compromise of Truth and Right.

DORCHESTER, Massachusetts,

September 3, 1857.

The Stars and Stripes.

A MELO-DRAMA.

BY L. MARIA CHILD.

SCENE I.

[*A planter's house, with negro huts in the rear of it. The Fourth of July. On the open lawn, under the shadow of a group of trees, is a picnic table spread with fruit, flowers, decanters of wine, &c. Near by, is an arch made of evergreens, with the word LIBERTY interwoven with flowers. A group of Carolinians, at the table, are singing a verse of "Adams and Liberty." At the close of the verse, they rise, touch glasses, and swinging them triumphantly, sing, "Ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves!"*]

[While they are singing, the American Flag is brought in by two negroes, attended by a vulgar-looking overseer, somewhat intoxicated. On the top of the flag-staff is a Liberty Cap, which falls, accidentally, while they are attempting to plant the pole in the ground. William, a genteel-looking light mulatto, the personal attendant of Mr. Masters, picks it up, and, excited by the general exhilaration, he claps it on his head, with a smile. The overseer snatches it off, and gives him a box on the ear.]

Overseer. Take that, you black rascal!

[William turns upon him quickly, half raises his hand in anger, then lowers it, and walks sullenly away.]

Overseer. Strike me, will you? You'd better try striking a white man, and see what you'll get by it.

There, take another, you damned nig!

[*He strikes him again. William's breast swells, and his eyes flash, but he remains motionless. A youth at the picnic table exclaims :*]

Served him right! Damn his impudence! That'll teach him to remember the difference between masters and niggers.

[*While this by-scene has been going on, the flag-staff has been firmly fixed in the ground, and the American Flag surmounted by the Liberty Cap, is floating in the breeze. The gentlemen wave their handkerchiefs toward it, hurra, and sing :*]

“ 'Tis the star-spangled banner! O long may it
wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the
brave! ”

Mr. Masters. A pleasant scene this, eh?

Mr. North. I never spent a happier Fourth of July; and I consider it a great piece of good luck that I happen to be in this beautiful part

of the country, to witness such a celebration. How I pity the poor, oppressed people in Europe, who have no idea what liberty is!

Masters. Their situation is, indeed, pitiable. If they happen to get any ideas of freedom, by visiting our happy country, and seeing the working of our free and equal institutions, they are obliged to conceal their thoughts when they get home; otherwise, they would soon be silenced by some king, emperor, or pope. The British tried that game with *us*; but they found it was no go. You like the South, do you, sir?

North. I consider it the best and most favored portion of the country, sir. But it's none too good for the true gentlemen and true democrats, that govern it. Here's none of the cursed aristocracy there is in Boston. I've traded round in New England these ten years, and no rich gentleman ever invited me to his house. Here, I find one man's as good as another.

Masters. "And a damned sight better," as the Irishman said. By the way, that Irish patriot, Mitchell, is a fine, sensible fellow, and a first rate democrat.

North. So he is, sir. No sentimental twaddle about *him*. I am of his opinion. There's nothing I should like better than a well-stocked plantation, myself.

Masters, [*slapping him heartily on the shoulder.*] Perhaps you will have it some day. So you don't believe what the Abolitionists tell about us? Eh?

North. Don't I see for myself, that their stories are a cursed pack of lies? I am free to say that I never set eyes on a happier set of fellows than your slaves.

Masters. We always call 'em *boys*, sir. We never say slaves. I feed my boys well, and clothe 'em well, as you see. They're so attached to me and their mistress, that we could n't whip 'em away from us, if we tried. [*He beckons*

to his mulatto servant, William.] Hallo, Bill! I say, Bill, you don't want your freedom, do you, you dog?

William. Oh, no, massa.

Masters. You wouldn't thank me for it, if I'd give it to you. *Would* you?

William. No, indeed, massa. I'd rather be a stray dog, than a free nigger.

Masters. That's right, Bill! You may go. Mr. North, you can tell that to the bobo-
litionists, when you get back to Yankee-land. *You* are a competent witness; for you have seen with your own eyes, and heard with your own ears.

North. So I have, sir; and I shall be proud to bear my testimony in favor of your patriarchal institution.

Masters, [slapping him on the shoulder.] I see that you are a man of sense. But let us rejoin my guests; they are preparing to give a toast.

[*A guest at the picnic table rises and proposes a toast :*]

Confusion to the Abolitionists ! If we catch one of 'em here we'll give him a suit of tar and feathers, and ride him on a rail.

North. Serve him right, too. I should like to *help* you do it.

Masters. You're a true patriot, sir. If we catch one of the canting crew here, he'll run a fair chance of being treated as our brave Brooks served that miserable traitor, Sumner.

[*The tipsy overseer swings his glass, and sings :*]

We'll feather him,

And ride him on a rail,

Then black his ugly face,

And lock him up in jail.

If he speaks, we'll pull the trigger,

And shoot him dead as any nigger.

[*The young men join, noisily, in repeating the chorus :*]

If he speaks, we'll pull the trigger,
And shoot him dead as any nigger.

[*Masters, waving his hand to silence them, says :*]

One of our friends has composed a song for
this occasion. Please give the gentleman an
opportunity to sing it.

THE FILLIBUSTERS' SONG.

What nation can with us compare,
In brav'ry, skill, or worth?
Was ever a people like to us,
Upon the wide, wide earth?

Chorus.

John Bull! you'd better not set bounds
Unto our bold career!
A whipping they will surely get,
That dare to interfere.
We'll take and keep whate'er we like,
And ask no leave of man;

“For they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can.”

Chorus. John Bull! you'd better not set
bounds, &c.

We've set our foot on Mexico,
And got her mines of gold,
And land enough for twenty States,
Where niggers may be sold.

Chorus. John Bull! &c.

The isle of Cuba we will wrest
From the weak hand of Spain;
On Hayti, too, we'll get strong hold,
And rule the Central Main.

Chorus. John Bull! &c.

And if it suits our sov'reign will
T' annex the planet Mars,
What business need it be to *you*,
How we increase our stars?

Chorus. John Bull! &c.

'Tis plain that Fate marks us to be
The masters of the world!
O'er Sandwich Isles, and far Nippon,
Our flag shall be unfurled.

Chorus. John Bull! &c.

Masters. That's a capital song.

North. Brim full of patriotism. We are a
wonderful nation, that's a fact.

[*Guests of the table.*] Encore! Encore!

SCENE II.

[*Cotton fields and negro huts two miles from the
planter's house. Evening of the Fourth of July.
Pine torches stuck in the trees. Slaves dancing
about, half tipsy, singing:*]

Hurra fur Dependant Day!
Hurra! de nigger may play!
Ole hoe on de groun he lay,
Ole massa gib rum to day.

Drink, boys, drink ! fur we no pay,
Hurra fur Dependent Day !

Old Negro Woman. Stop dat ar ! Jim's gwine
to sing ; and you all know Jim's extr'ornary.

[*Jim, a merry-looking black lad, sings to the
accompaniment of his banjo :*]

“ Come, broders, let us leave
Dis Buckra lan for Hayti ;
And dar we be receive
As gran as Lar-fay-i-tee.

“ Dar we'll make a mighty show,
In gran-hus, as you'll see ;
I shall be all the go,
And you like Gub'nor Shootsy.

“ Dar no more barrow wheel ;
And dat's a mighty jerkus ;
Dar no more 'bliged to steal,
And den be sent to work-hus.

“ We ’ll dance in great big hall,
Will hole full half a million ;
We ’ll dance togeder all
What white man call cotillion.

“ We ’ll lead our partners out,
Forward two, and backy ;
Cross hans, an wheel about,
And den go home in hacky.”

*[Jim receives great applause. The slaves exclaim,
Dat ’s fustest rate ! They jump about, laugh-
ing and singing :]*

Hurra fur Dependent Day !

*[Jim waves his hand with an air of importance,
and says :]*

Now, you niggers, b’have spectable ! will yer ?
I’s done got ready a song, spressly fur dis
’casion.

[He takes his banjo and sings:]

I hearn massa tell 'em so !
All de folks born free in dis 'ere country, O !
But when I 'ave ask if Jim born so,
Den my massa tell me no.

Mighty queer some tings I know,
If all folks born free in dis 'ere country, O !
Dis nigger he know dat tings no go,
Jus as massa tole 'em, O !

[This performance is received with guffaws of laughter, and repetitions of —]

Dis nigger he know dat tings no go,
Jus as massa tole 'em, O !

[Jim again waves his hand magisterially, and says:]

Nuff of dat ar ! I'se gwine to sing the great
big song dat white folks made spressly fur dis

splendiferous day, when Freedom was dispensed
wid throughout dis ere land. Come, broders
and sisters, jine wid me !

[*They sing :*]

“ Fur ne’er shall de sons of Columby be slaves.”

[*White men rush in among them, brandishing
whips :*]

Damn your impudence, you black rascals !
What are you at ? Off with you ! Every nig-
ger of you ! If one of you is seen out again to-
night, he ’ll be tied up and get thirty-nine, well
laid on. Off with you !

[*The slaves disperse hastily. Jim hides himself
with one of his companions. When the white
men have gone, they step out on tiptoe, stealth-
ily. Jim nudges his companion, gyrates his
finger on his nose, and says with great gravity :*]

Sambo, jus touch de banjo, while I sing —

“ Hail Columby ! happy lan ! ”

SCENE III.

[*Interior of one of the servants huts, in the rear of Mr. Masters's house. The mulatto, William, sits leaning his head thoughtfully on his hand, while Ellen, his wife, clears their frugal supper table. Being favorite personal attendants upon their master and mistress, they have caught the language of genteel white people, and are familiar with the music they have heard in the parlor. Ellen, who might pass for a white woman, has an air of refinement in her dress and motions; and as she glides about the humble little apartment, she now and then sings snatches of favorite operas. From time to time she glances uneasily at her husband, and at last playfully places her hand on his shoulder, while she sings:*]

My love is sad! my love is sad!

What shall I do to please him?

Will he be glad, will he be glad
To have his Ellen tease him?

*[Meeting with no response, she chants slowly, with
a kind of mock solemnity:]*

Shall I sing to him of the cold, dim moon,
Sailing through weeping clouds over a tomb?
Shall I sing so?

*[She stoops to look up in his troubled face, then
springs back, singing gaily and rapidly:]*

No, no, no, no,
I wont sing so;
But like the summer morning,
When streamlets flow,
Bright dew-drops glow,
And birds salute the dawning.

Rich warble and gush!
Quick twitter and trill!

The twirling notes rush
Like drops from a mill.

With trem'lous flow,
The tones shall go,
Like fountains, when they're filling;
No thought of woe
The heart shall know,
While I, like birds, am trilling.

Rich warble and gush!
Quick twitter and trill!
The twirling notes rush
Like drops from a mill.

[*While she sings, William's countenance gradually relaxes into a smile. He looks up with fond admiration, and says:*]

Really, Jim was in the right, when he said it was extror'nary what yer upter. I believe the music master never gave young missis a les-

son, without your learning it by heart at the very first hearing. And *she*! what a bungling piece of work she makes with a new tune, even when she has been practising a month! What a shame that *she* should have a grand piano, while *you* have n't even an accordion!

Ellen. Never mind, Willie, dear! God has given me an ear and a voice; and *they* can't be *bought*, like a piano.

William, [*with mournful earnestness.*] But they can be *sold*, Ellen! They can be *sold*! I tremble when I hear you sing so sweetly, for fear somebody will buy you for the sake of your ear and voice. If a large price was offered, do you suppose massa would hesitate to sell you? Not *he*! Was n't my handsome sister sold to a New Orleans trader, in order to raise money to buy that cursed piano? I want to smash all the wires whenever I see it.

Ellen, [*caressingly.*] You are sad and cross to-night, Willie. I'm afraid you're like the

rest, head-achy with drinking, yesterday, and tired out with hurraing for Independence.

William, [contemptuously.] Independence!
What a mockery! I hurraed with the rest, for fear they would take notice if I did not, and make it a pretext to hang me, on the charge of plotting an insurrection. How I wanted to kick that fellow, that struck me for putting on the Liberty Cap for fun! I didn't think of it when I put on the Cap, but perhaps there was an omen in it. Thoughts have been very busy in my head since yesterday morning; and it is n't the *first* time that the Fourth of July has set me to thinking. I told you what a rage massa was in about a newspaper sent to him from Boston. He said some damned Abolitionist had done it. He tore it into fifty pieces, and ground them under the heel of his boot. I found some of the crumpled pieces among the bottles, under the picnic table. I hid them in my shoes, and I've been reading them, till I've

learned them by heart. Here is a verse that I shall always think of whenever I see the flags flying on Independent day. [*He reads from a scrap of newspaper :*]

“Oppression should not linger
Where starry banners wave ;
The swelling shout of Freedom
Should echo for the slave.”

Ellen. O pray burn all those scraps of paper, Willie. If they should find out that you picked them up and saved them, it might cost you a dreadful flogging.

William, [laughing.] Why should he be afraid to have his slaves read Abolition papers ? You know he says he couldn't *whip* 'em away from him, if he *tried*. How came massa and missis to take *free* negroes with them, when they started for the North, this morning ? Why are you and I to be sent to his brother's, to-morrow, to stay till they come back ? Of course, it

is because they are so sure that they could n't *whip* us away from 'em, if they *tried*. Heaven knows there's been whipping enough on the plantation to drive 'em all off, if *whipping* would do it. Yet how coolly he tells the lie before our very faces, and calls upon us to confirm it, because he knows we dare not do otherwise. If the Yankees were half as 'cute as they're cracked up to be, I should think they would see through such shams. How *tired* I am of hearing him repeat to every visitor that he could n't *whip* us away from him, if he *tried*.

Ellen. And so am I, Willie. But there are things worse to bear than *that*. I have been afraid to tell you all my troubles, for fear you would do something rash, and then they would burn you alive, as they did poor Peggy's husband. But now massa has gone away, and you will have time to get cool before he comes back; and so I will tell you all. When I am

at the big house, sewing for missis, as sure as she goes out to ride, he comes into my room and asks me to sing, and tells me how pretty I am. And — and — I know by his ways that he don't mean any good. He gave me this breast-pin, and I was afraid not to take it. You know why poor Peggy's husband was to be sent off to Georgia, and how he tried to poison massa, when he found it out. Now massa says if I make him angry, he will sell *you* to the traders.

William, [*clenching his fist.*] The old villain! and he knows all the while that you are his own daughter!

Ellen. I told him *that*, but he paid no attention to it. My poor, poor mother! I suppose *she* was afraid, too; for I remember she always seemed so modest. Oh, it is a dreadful situation to be in! [*She bursts into tears.*]

William. Don't cry, dear *Ellen*. It shall never be. *Never!*

Ellen. Oh, how can we help it? We are slaves; and there is no law to protect us. Sometimes, I have thought I would tell missis all about it, and ask *her* to protect me. But I am afraid to do it, for fear they will sell *me* to Georgia traders, and keep you. I think missis begins to mistrust something; for she has been terribly cross to me lately. See how she burned my arm with hot sealing-wax, because I broke a tooth from her comb, when I was dressing her hair for their great ball, Independent night.

[*William stoops to kiss the arm, and says, in a low tone:*] There is but *one* way, dear Ellen. We know the North Star; we have often talked of following it; and we must start to-night, before massa's brother comes for us.

Ellen. Oh, Willie, if I only had courage enough! There seems to be nothing else left for us to do. But how *can* we get away? The patrols are always about. There's a man, only

a mile off, who keeps blood-hounds to track run-aways, and massa's brother will certainly send for him when he finds we are gone.

William. He supposes us to be such contented slaves, that he won't hurry to come for us. Meanwhile, we must escape. Very likely the dogs will be after us; but it is better to *die* by dogs, than live to be *treated* as dogs. To-night is our only chance.

Ellen. But they say there are such deadly snakes in the swamps.

William. That is very true. Snakes may sting your *body*, but they will not sting into the *soul*, like the brutal overseer's lash; and that will be your portion, if you resist your master.

Ellen. Oh, Willie! [*She sobs violently.*]

William. Come, dear Ellen, if you love me, try to be courageous. I know where there is a suit of young massa's clothes, and I have no doubt they will fit you. You can pass for a white lad, and I will be your servant.

Ellen, [smiling through her tears.] I will tell them I could n't *whip* you away from me, if I *tried*. Hark! What's that? Has there been anybody about, listening to what we have said?

William, [after a moment's silence.] It's nobody but Jim. I thought it was his whistle. And now don't you hear him singing, "The Blue-Tailed Fly?" I wish I could be as thoughtless as that merry fellow.

Ellen. You can't, Willie, because you know too much.

[Jim enters, singing:]

"Jim crack corn — don't care!

Ole massa's gone away."

[He gives a bobbing bow to Ellen, and says, with a knowing grin:]

Who's gwine to dress missis har? *[He nudges William, and adds, with a wink:]* I 'se boun dey tink bobolitionists wud talk to yer, if dey tuk yer way to de North. 'Peers like he's

skeery. What's he skeered bout? You tole him, hunder times, you'd rather be a stray dog nur a free nigger. Could n't *whip* dis ere nigger away. *Could* he, now? [*Puts his hands on his knees, and laughs aloud.*]

William. Take care, Jim! Don't make so much noise! Those cursed patrols may be prowling about.

Jim. Sound asleep, I'se be boun for 'em. Tuckered out, and done up wid drinkin.

"Jim crack corn — don't care!

Ole massa's gone away."

Ellen. I'm afraid some of the rum got into *your* head, Jim.

Jim. Dis 'ere nigger's sober's deacon. I'se gwine to Methodist meetin. I'se boun to git religion. Now you'se an extror'nary critter! Up to ebery ting, jus de same as white folks. You know how massa write de pass. Mebbe you'd write a pass fur Jim?

[*Ellen looks inquiringly at her husband, who nods assent. While she is writing the pass, Jim begins to sing:*]

I hearn massa tell 'em so!

All de folks born free in dis 'ere country, O!

William. Hush! hush! Jim. You will bring us all into trouble with your noisy fun. If you *must* be singing all the time, do sing "Old Dan Tucker," or "The Blue-tailed Fly," or something of that sort. But, tell me, seriously, is there a Methodist meeting in the woods, to-night?

Jim. I call dat ar an extror'nary question, when a spectacle nigger asks to hab a pass gin to him. Dar's a mighty big meetin tree miles off, in Middleton Woods.

[*Ellen hands him his pass.*]

Jim. Tankee! Tankee! You've allers bin rale kine to dis 'ere nigger. Hope de Lord's got a blessin fur bofe on yer. Good bye.

Ellen. Thoughtless as Jim seems, I reckon he's going further than Middleton Woods, to-night. Did you notice how he bid us good bye?

William. I had my own thought, as soon as he asked for a pass. If he was n't so noisy, I should like to have him go with us. But it is safest to keep our own counsel, and go alone. I will go and bring young massa's clothes, and you must be thinking how to pass for a white young gentleman, if anybody speaks to us. Our greatest danger is in this county, where so many people know massa, and have seen me with him. But if you can only keep up your courage, Ellen, I trust the Lord will help us to arrive safe in Canada.

SCENE IV.

[A swampy island in the midst of a dense forest, the trees profusely hung with Virginia moss. Twilight is settling into evening, when Wil-

liam and Ellen creep stealthily toward the borders of the wood. They both look travel-worn and weary.]

Ellen, [in a low voice.] How awfully lonesome was the spot where we have been hiding all the day! I expected every minute to be stung by a rattlesnake, or a cotton-mouth. How tired we must have been, to drop asleep in such a place!

William. It was out of the way of white men, Ellen; and we have more cause to dread *them*, than we have to dread the snakes.

Ellen. I know it! I know it! Father of mercies! I seem to hear those blood-hounds yelping now. How close they came upon us! If we had crossed that brook a minute later, they would'nt have lost the track, and we should have been torn to pieces. I tremble all over, when I think of it.

William. I'm afraid they got upon the track

of some other poor fugitive, and so let *us* escape. I was sure I heard a scream.

Ellen. Oh, Willie, *shall* we ever get to Canada?

William. He who knoweth all things, alone can tell. We must put our trust in Him?

Ellen. Before we start on our night-journey, let us kneel and ask his blessing.

THE FUGITIVES' PRAYER.

Father of all! To Thee we bend;
On Thee alone can we depend;
Guiltless of wrong, yet shunning light,
Bewildered trav'lers of the night,
When others to their rest have gone,
We wander through the world alone.
Thou, who created all,
Oh, hear our anxious call,
And guide us right,
Through the dark night.

Weary, and worn, and full of fear,
We travel through the forests drear ;
Fierce wolves may seek us for their prey,
And cruel men, more fierce than they.
Help us to put our trust in Thee !
Our efforts bless, and make us free !
On earth we have no friend,
Oh, guide us to the end,
From ev'ry snare,
Hear thou our prayer !

[*They rise and prepare for their journey. Suddenly a light gleams over the foliage, on one side of the forest. Ellen grasps her husband's arm, and points to the light, saying, in low tones :*]

Now Heaven help us ! There are men coming with torches.

William. Creep into the bushes, and lie flat on your face.

[*Through the deep stillness voices are heard singing :*]

Trust in Him who blessed the poor !

O, glory, hallelujah !

He's a friend forever sure !

O, glory, hallelujah !

Broders, sisters, why do ye mourn ?

Sing glory, hallelujah !

He's got no massa whar he's gone !

O, glory, hallelujah !

Ellen. Oh, Willie, don't it seem as if God sent that hymn as an answer to our prayer ?

William. It does, indeed ; and I joyfully accept the omen from my poor brothers in misfortune. They are slaves, secretly holding a meeting in the woods. Some of them have died lately, I suppose ; and this is the way they give vent to their feelings. How wild and solemn it sounds, here among the trees, in the starlight.

Ellen. We have been so lonely, all day, that the sound of friendly human voices is pleasant. Let us wait awhile, and listen.

William. Poor fellows! Some of them might be tempted to betray us, in hopes of getting a silver bit, or a red handkerchief. Perhaps, too, there may be patrols lurking round to watch the meeting, and some of them might know me. It's not safe to stay here. So keep fast hold of me, and creep along through the darkest of the shadows.

[They disappear, while the unseen chorus are repeating:]

He's got no massa whar he's gone!
O, glory, hallelujah!

SCENE V.

[Past midnight. The moon shining on a broad river. No houses in sight. William and El-

len creep out from a quantity of boards and barrels, piled up near the river.]

Ellen. It seemed frightful to be alone in the woods with wolves and snakes. But I'm more afraid here in the open country. [*She clings to him, and speaks low.*] When I pressed your arm a little while ago, didn't you think you heard something breathing near us?

William. Yes, I did, and it brought my heart up into my throat. But I suppose it must have been some sleeping cat or pig. Try to keep up your courage a little longer. There is the Ohio! the river we have so *longed* to see! If we can only get across it, we shall be in the free States, at last. So far, we have got along very well, thanks to your white face, and passing yourself for a slaveholder. If we had n't been so unlucky as to meet that acquaintance of massa's down at the tavern yonder, we need n't be skulking now. But he looked hard at me, and

you were a little confused when you answered his questions. Perhaps he suspected something wrong, and perhaps he did n't. But it is safest for us to keep out of the way of the travelled roads. That nigger we overheard talking about taking some barrels across the river, said he was going to take them from such a place as this. We must try to get a passage with him. Your clothes are so worn and dusty, that you can hardly pass for the son of a rich slaveholder; but you may be taken for a poor white, emigrating with his only nigger. We have a little money left, and that may induce him to take us. The worst of it is, if he suspects us, he may inform against us, when he gets back to Kentucky, in hopes of getting more money. But we must run the risk.

Ellen. When will the day dawn? This night seems as long as ten nights. That same moon is shining on our old home, Willie. On the tree, where we used to sit and sing, on Sun-

days, after meeting. I loved that Southern land, where we were born, and where all our friends live. If our situation had n't been so dreadful, I never *could* have left it to seek a home among strangers.

William. I, too, was thinking what a pleasant home Carolina might be, if there was no Slavery there. But I long to breathe free air, if it be the coldest blasts of a Canada winter,

[Ellen leans on her husband's shoulder, gazing pensively at the moon. After looking furtively round, to see whether any one is stirring, they sing, in a low voice:]

O, moonlight, deep and tender,
You shone thus silv'ry bright ;
Or veiled in misty splendor,
Where first we saw the light.

Those scenes of youth have vanished,
We return to them no more ;

For we are aliens, banished
From our own native shore.

O, river, brightly glancing,
How beautiful to see !
Beneath the moonbeams dancing,
So joyfully and free !

And yet to *us* how dreary !
Who see it through our tears ;
So lonely, sad, and weary,
And trembling with our fears.

O, river, gently flowing,
Bear us in safety o'er !
The friendly moonlight showing
Our way to Freedom's shore.

[*While they are singing, a black face peeps out from between the boards, and watches them curiously for a minute, and is then lighted up with a broad smile. The head is withdrawn*

behind the boards, and presently, when all is still, a voice is heard singing:]

“Jim crack corn — don’t care!

Ole massa’s gone away!”

[William and Ellen start, and look behind them.]

William. I could almost swear that was Jim’s voice.

Ellen. You know *all* the slaves sing that. It can’t be that Jim is here. How my heart beats! What if we should be betrayed!

[The voice behind the boards sings:]

I hearn massa tell ’em so!

All de folks born free in dis ere country, O!

William. It is Jim! *[He sings in response:]*

“Ne’er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves.”

[The voice behind the boards answers:]

Dis nigger he know dat tings no go,

Jus as massa tole ’em, O!

[*Jim jumps out, grasps their hands, and capers about.*]

Jim. Peers like you 've done clared out, too. Dis 'ere nigger sorter spected so. I say, Bill! massa could n't *whip* us away, *could* he? *Tried* hard nuff, did n't he? Would n't *take* our freedom, if massa *guv* it to us, *would* we? [*He sings :*]

Dis nigger he know dat tings no go,
Jus as massa tole 'em, O!

William. It does me good to hear your merry voice again, Jim; but I think you had better keep more quiet till we get into Canada.

Jim. Skeered, ar ye? Who's feard? Not dis ere nigger. Cause, ye see, he knows what he's bout. You member my brudder Dick, dat was sole to Kentuck? Dick all'ers was quick as rat-trap. Extror'nary smart nigger! Dick's massa hires him out, to tote lumber down dis

ere riber. Dick's got an arrant cross de riber, and he's gwine to tote dis ere nigger in a bar'l. Dars bar'ls nuff to tote us all. Dick would n't *take* his freedom, if his massa *guv* it to him; an't green nuff fur *dat*. But dis ere nigger sorter spect to see Dick in Canada. [*He bursts out singing :*]

“And dar we be receive

As gran as Lar-fay-i-tee!”

Ellen. But even if we succeed in crossing the river, we are not sure of reaching Canada. They say our masters have made a law, obliging people in the free States to catch runaway slaves, and send them back.

William, [bitterly.] And they *call* themselves *free* States! But they say that slaves have friends in Ohio, who help 'em on toward Canada, by some kind of underground railroad. I wish I knew how to find them.

Jim. You go way! You knows a heap,

Bill. Dar an't no manner o' doubt o' dat ar. But dis ere nigger an't jus woke up, nudder. Dick tole all bout dem ere cars. Dick knows a man in Hi-o, dat 'll put us aboard. If massa's car come rattlin arter us, Ki! — dey 'll jus put on de steam like house a fire! and way we go!

[He puffs like a steam engine, imitates the car-whistle, and ends by singing:]

“Clar de track, ole Dan Tucker!”

Ellen, *[uneasily.]* When will your brother come? Every minute seems an hour.

[From a boat on the river, a bell is heard to ring three times, followed by a voice, singing:]

“Heigho! de boatmen row!”

Jim. Dat ar's Dick!

[They all run toward the river, and soon after, receding voices are heard singing:]

“Heigho! de boatmen row!”

[Floatin down riber Ohi-o!]

SCENE VI.

[*Fields near Detroit. A company of men and women assembled to celebrate the first of August. Picnic tables are spread under an evergreen arch, with the word, EMANCIPATION, formed of dahlias. All the women wear veils, that Ellen, who is among them, need not be easily recognized, in case of an emergency. William has a neat new dress, and wears a brown wig.*]

Mr. Freeman, [shaking hands with Ellen.]

You are welcome here; and you may rest assured that you are among kind friends. I hear you have a voice like a bob-o'-link. Won't you give us a song, on this pleasant occasion?

Ellen. I would most gladly, sir. But is it quite safe? I'm told the law compels you to give up fugitives.

Freeman. I blush to acknowledge that we are disgraced by such a law; but we contrive

many ways to evade it. You are more safe here, than you would be in a city. This is not a public meeting. It is a picnic for Abolitionists only. No Southerner will be likely to intrude upon us. Is your master at the North?

Ellen. When he left home, he intended to travel North, sir.

Freeman. What is his name?

Ellen. Mr. Alfred Masters, of South Carolina.

Freeman. I know of no such name at the hotels; and our friends keep pretty close watch. But, to make your mind perfectly easy, I will tell you a secret. In that ice-house, covered with straw, yonder, there are steps that lead to the underground railroad. You have heard of the underground railroad, perhaps?

Ellen, [smiling.] O, yes, sir. We came by that road.

Freeman. I shall keep spies on the watch. If any strangers approach, I will begin to sing,

“Get out of the way old Dan Tucker!” Then the women will run for ice, and you and your husband will run with them. There’s *one* slave under the ice-house, already. He’s so black, that it won’t do for *him* to show his face here; but you and your husband are both so light, that you would attract no attention. As for *you*, no one unacquainted with your history would believe that you were not a white woman.

Ellen. I wish it were possible to cross over to Canada soon, sir.

Freeman. I deem it imprudent to attempt it just now. There are some Southerners at the hotel, in search of runaway slaves; and it is possible you might be recognized by some acquaintance of your master’s. We will try to have you conveyed over to-morrow morning, before people are stirring. Meanwhile, I wish you would help us to celebrate the emancipa-

tion of your enslaved brethren in the British West Indies.

Ellen. I will try, sir; but I am afraid my voice will tremble; for I am *very* anxious. I will call William, and we will sing together two verses, that a lady taught us last night. She said they were written by an Abolitionist, in Boston.

[*Ellen sings:*]

“ Oh, sunny South, the pride of lands,
Whose joyous spring as Eden blooms,
Whose rivers sweep o’er golden sands,
Whose harvests feed a million looms;
Why looks an anxious world on thee,
In sorrow for thy destiny?”

[*William sings in response:*]

“ It is, that when the joyous sea
Bore from West Indian Isles the song
Of earth’s most glorious jubilee,
Of right, triumphant over wrong, —

Midst a *world's* welcome, thou alone
Answered the tidings with a groan."

Freeman, [to *Ellen*.] You are a bob-o'-link!
We must hear your voices again, by-and-by.
But now let us all join in a chorus, in honor
of our mother country.

[*All the guests unite in singing* :]

"Blow ye the trumpet abroad o'er the sea!
Britannia hath triumphed, the negro is free!"

[*The women begin to unpack bread, cakes, &c.,
from the baskets. While they are thus occu-
pied, Mr. Freeman sings* :]

"Get out of the way, Old Dan Tucker!"

[*The women exclaim* :]

O, we forgot the ice. Make haste and bring
some ice!

[*Many of them run towards the ice-house ; William and Ellen with them. While others arrange the tables, two strangers enter.*]

North, [*bowing to Mr. Freeman.*] Allow me to introduce my friend, Mr. Masters, from South Carolina. He never attended an Abolition meeting, and he was curious to see one.

Masters. Not so much to see one, as to listen to the *arguments* that may be brought forward. I am a sincere seeker after light ; and, perhaps you will be able to convince me.

Freeman. This is not one of our public meetings for discussing the subject, sir ; but you are welcome to the best we have to offer, either for mind or body. Doubtless, we *might* produce two or three arguments that would make some impression on you. But the ladies are preparing the refreshment tables. They can offer you some delicious fruit, refreshingly cool, for we have an ice-house near by.

[*The Abolitionists glance at each other with a significant smile ; and one says aside to another :*]

Its contents wouldn't be very likely to cool him !]

Masters. I thank you ; but I came here for argument, rather than refreshments. I hear you are great reasoners ; but I hope to convince you that you are laboring under a mistake on this subject. I assure you our servants at the South are a very happy set of people. This gentleman, from Connecticut, can vouch for what I say.

North. Yes, sir, I can ; and I am most happy to do it. I *know* something about it. I've *been* at the South ; so, *I* am a competent witness. And I'm free to say, I never saw a happier set of fellows than the niggers there. The poor in England have reason to envy their condition.

Freeman. Why don't you go as a missionary to England ? They wouldn't mob you, as *we*

did George Thompson ; and if you have half *his* eloquence, perhaps you might persuade the English people to petition their government for leave to *become* slaves. Such petitions would doubtless find some advocates ; for there is a class there, as well as here, who consider Slavery the most suitable condition for the poor.

Masters. You are pleased to be facetious, sir. But I do assure you, that my slaves have not the least *desire* to be free. I have an uncommonly intelligent slave, named William. He is so attached to me, that when I *offered* him his freedom, he would 'nt *take* it. *Would* he, Mr. North ?

North. No. He told me, himself, that he'd rather be a stray dog than a free nigger.

Masters. William is not peculiar in that respect. They all have the greatest contempt for free niggers. I'm a very kind master ; *all* my slaves are so contented with their situation that

I could n't *whip* 'em away, if I *tried*. *Could* I, Mr. North?

North. No, indeed! They know too well on which side their bread is buttered.

[*A voice, not far off, sings:*]

*Dis nigger he know dat tings no go,
Jus as massa tole 'em, O!*

Masters, [*looking round.*] Who was that?

Freeman. Ethiopian melodies are very popular here. Boys are always whistling or singing them. Some lad appears to have put new words to "Dandy Jim."

Masters, [*smiling.*] It was an excellent imitation. It almost made me feel as if I were on the plantation, hearing my own boys singing merrily, at their work. They're a happy set, sir.

[*One of the Abolitionists aside to another.*]
Some of them are his *own* boys, in more senses than *one*, I reckon.

[*Meanwhile a man enters and hands Mr. Masters a letter. He glances over it, and takes up his hat hastily.*]

Freeman. You're not going, sir? We have made arrangements to have a *debate* with you, by-and-by. You said you wished to hear our arguments.

Masters. I must decline that pleasure, for the present, sir. I am summoned away on unexpected business.

[*He touches his hat, takes Mr. North by the arm, and turns away. Mr. Freeman turns away in the opposite direction, and joins a knot of the Abolitionists, all of whom are keeping an eye on Mr. Masters and Mr. North, as they stand talking together.*]

Masters. Would you believe it? That rascal, Bill, has taken advantage of my absence, to run away! He and his wife Nelly have been seen

near Ohio. The ungrateful wench! When I was willing to do so *much* for her!

North. Is it possible? Now I *am* surprised! What ingratitude!

Masters. The fact is, sir, the niggers are a singular race. They have several diseases, peculiar to themselves. The one which prevails most *generally*, is called by our doctors, drape-tomania; and the only way I can account for this strange affair, is by supposing that Bill and Nelly had an attack of that *disease*.

North. Pray what sort of disease may that be, sir?

Masters. Doctors like to show their learning, you know; so they made a word from Greek. It means a mania for *running away*. When niggers appear unusually sulky and dissatisfied, it's a sign that the disease is coming on; and preventive remedies ought to be applied immediately. The learned Dr. Cartwright, of Louisiana University, has written a celebrated book

about nigger diseases. He advises that the whip should be freely applied when the first symptoms of drapetomania appear. He calls it "whipping the devil out of 'em." But the fact is, I never perceived any symptoms of it in Bill. He always seemed healthy. It is a very *singular* disease, that drapetomania! There's no telling who may be seized by it. Some of the planters think it is becoming epidemic.

North. It is singular, indeed, sir. Perhaps it's part of the curse that the Lord pronounced upon Canaan.

Masters. I've heard that idea suggested by our divines. The niggers *are* a cursed race, if ever there *was* one; that's a fact.

North. How lucky it is for *them*, that they have kind masters to take care of them!

Masters. You know what good care I took of Bill; the ungrateful dog! Who would have thought of *his* being seized with drapetomania? But what's to be done? Do you know anything

about that infernal underground railroad, they tell of?

North. I dare say the police may know something about it, sir.

Masters. If I could only see Bill and Nelly, and reason a little with 'em, I dare say they would be persuaded that they have done very wrong. When the disease of drapetomania begins to subside, they soon get tired enough of being free niggers, and would gladly go back, if they were not afraid of punishment.


North. That drapetomania is a very strange disease. I never heard of anybody's having it in New England. It *must* be a part of the curse upon Canaan.

Masters. Come! let us make inquiries of the police.

[*They go out. Mr. Freeman says to the picnic guests:*] Some of you go and caution that merry black Jim, not to be singing any *more* scraps of songs till he gets into Canada. We've

come to a narrow pass on the precipice, *now*. There can be no doubt what news that *letter* contained. I heard the word, police. How on earth shall we contrive to get them safely away from their hiding-place, and smuggle them over to Victoria's dominions?

One of the Guests. I see how it can be done. There's a store of ready-made coffins near by, and the man who sells them is an Abolitionist. The colored minister, Mr. Dickson, died yesterday, and we can get his family to help us. William and Ellen must be stained black, and go among the mourners. Jim, who *can't* be stained any blacker, must be carried in the coffin. They can all be locked up in a tomb; a place which the police will not think of searching. In the darkness of the night we can bring 'em near the ferry. The police will, doubtless, be on the watch during all the hours that the boat runs; but you know the ferryman is willing enough to oblige us, if he can do it without



being found out. We must be scattered here and there, round the ferry, in numbers sufficient to divert the enemy's forces, if they take it into their heads to be stirring too early.

Freeman. I believe it is the best plan that is left for us; but it's risky business for all of us. That rogue, Jim, must be cautioned not to sing out from the coffin.

SCENE VII.

[*Road near Detroit. On one side of the road Mr. Freeman is passing slowly with a few Abolitionists. On the other side of the road are Police Officers, with brass stars on their coats, and brass bands on their hats, with the word, Police. They pass back and forth, as if on sentinel duty. Rowdy-looking Truckmen, with shirt sleeves rolled up, are armed with clubs and whips, as if ready for a mob. The sound of funeral music is heard approaching. A coffin is borne across the stage, followed by colored*

men and women, and a band of music. After it has passed, Mr. Freeman stops in front of a Police Officer, and says to one of his Abolition companions:]

Whose funeral was that? It is not common to have a *band* out on such occasions.

Abolitionist. I presume it is done in honor of Mr. Dickson, the colored minister. I heard he was to be buried to-day, and I noticed his family among the mourners.

[A Truckman says, in a loud voice, to the Police Officer:] Damned set of amalgamation-ists! No doubt they're hob-nob with all the *fust niggers*.

[Police Officer speaks apart to his companions:] They must be *expected* on this road, or the *Abolitionists* would not linger about here so.

[When Mr. Freeman re-appears, talking with a friend, the Police Officer says gruffly to him:] What are you loitering about *here* for, sir?

Freeman. I will imitate the Yankees, who, they say, answer one question by asking another. Pray what are *you* loitering about here for?

Police Officer. We're watching for two runaway niggers.

Freeman. Only *two*, sir? *Many* pass through this place to Canada.

A Truckman. Yes, and it's all owing to the *cussed* jugglery of you bobolitionists and your friends, the niggers.

Freeman. I am happy to hear that we are so useful.

Police Officer. But you won't catch a weasel asleep *this* time. Mr. Masters, of South Carolina, a very polite gentleman, and a very kind master, has lost two valuable servants. We've got on the track of 'em, and we're determined to catch 'em for him. We've got the *law* on *our* side.

Freeman. As I have no wish to earn blood-

money by turning slave-hunter for *any* of our Southern *masters*, the information does not particularly interest *me*.

[*Several of the Abolitionists, who have been looking on the Police and the rowdies with disgust, break out singing :*]

“ No slave-hunt in *our* borders !

No pirates on *our* strand !

No fetters in the *free* States !

No slave upon *our* land ! ”

[*The Truckmen double their fists, and shake their whips. The Police Officer gets angry, and exclaims :*] I tell you what, you'd better go about your business, if you know what is good for yourselves.

Freeman. I trust we are at liberty to *choose* our business. Our Southern masters are *kind* masters. They have left us a *few* privileges. I believe citizens of the free States are not *yet*

forbidden by United States law to walk in their own streets; or even to *talk* together in the street, when they think proper. But why so angry, *gentlemen*? You surely are not ashamed of your *employment*? Is it not a *manly* employment? Is it not fitting business for *you*, sir, who bear the illustrious name of John Adams? And for *you*, sir, who are accustomed to boast, at political meetings, that you are a true *democrat*, dyed in the wool? I see you *are* ashamed, notwithstanding all the *brass* you have about you.

[*Some slink away; some shake their fists. One of the Police says:*]

Damn your impudence! If you don't hold your tongue, I'll arrest you for disturbing the peace.

[*The Abolitionists laugh, and go off singing:*]

Bring garlands for the free and brave!

Bold hunters of the flying slave!

SCENE VIII.

[*Early morning. The Ferry, at Detroit; half a mile across to the Canada shore. Mr. Freeman appears, and after looking all round carefully, knocks three times at a door, near the water. The Ferryman opens the door.*]

Mr. Freeman. The passengers you agreed to take are here. Please lose no time.

[*Ferryman hastens to the boat; William, Ellen, and Jim jump in. The fastenings are loosened. The boat is an oar's length from the shore, when Mr. Masters and Mr. North come running, out of breath, followed by ten or twelve Abolitionists. Mr. Masters points his pistol at the Ferryman, and calls out:*]

Put back that boat! Those are *my* slaves.
Put back that boat, or I'll blow your brains out! Hell! There's Jim, too! Where the devil's the police! Call the police, Mr. North!
Put back that boat!

[*For an instant, the Ferryman holds his oars suspended in hesitation. William, in an agony of anxiety, springs upon him, and exclaims :*]

I'll strangle you, if you do.

Ferryman. If I must die, I'll die doing my duty.

[*He pushes off. Some one behind Mr. Masters knocks the pistol from his hand. The Ferryman and William row with all their might. The Abolitionists swing their hats, and hurra. The Police come in time to see the boat half way across. An American vessel is on the stocks near by, with the name of Henry Clay, floating on its banner. The workmen on board catch the contagion of the scene. They wave their caps, and hurra. The noise attracts people on the Canada side. They see a negro in the boat, and guessing the rest, they hurra. In the intervals, Jim's voice comes across the water :*]

“Don’t care! Ole massa’s gone away!”

[*From shore to shore:*]

Hurra! Hurra! Hurra!

Mr. Freeman to Mr. Masters. Could n’t whip ‘em away from you; could you, sir?

Freeman to the Police Officer. Did n’t catch a weasel asleep *this* time, did we?

[*From shore to shore:*]

Hurra! Hurra! Hurra!

Mr. North walking away with Mr. Masters, says. What a very remarkable case of drape-tomania!

[*From shore to shore,*]

Hurra! Hurra! Hurra!

[*On the Canada side, they strike up—*]

“God save the Queen!”

[*On the other side, the Abolitionists respond :*]

“Blow ye the trumpet aloud o’er the sea !

Freedom hath triumphed ! The slaves are
now free !”

N. B. The scene here described did really occur at Detroit, some years ago, while a vessel, named the Henry Clay, was on the stocks ; and the Ferryman made the exclamation here attributed to him.

Eudiments.

BY MONCURE D. CONWAY.

Must realize his cant, not cast it off.

JOHN STERLING.

THERE is a vulgar belief that our Revolution conquered for our nation its liberties, and that each generation of Americans inherits a free country. Of course revolution can no more conquer Freedom for a people than it can conquer scholarship or regeneration for it. All the Americas cannot make, of inborn serfs, free-men. It becomes us, therefore, to start from the fact that the phraseology of Freedom is as yet Cant; that the reading of the Declaration of Independence, the celebration of the birthdays of our heroic rebels, and the holidays of Radi-

calism, are Cant. By this, I would say, that these, our early traditions, are like the unevoked compositions left by Beethoven, in a score beyond the power of the instruments to which they are necessarily given for rendering. Instead of giving us that great music, our orchestra mingles in it the clank of chains and the yelp of the blood-hound. When, again and again, we hold up the luminous page, and say, "This is the score we gave you to execute," they stammer at first, then, being pressed, honestly say that their instruments cannot perform those "glittering generalities," nor the dancers keep step to them.

I fear that the Reformers are hasty in charging dishonesty and hypocrisy where there is disloyalty to Freedom. There is no denying that the truths which Jefferson and Henry declare to be self-evident, are not self-evident at all; they are the last refinements of civilization; not the world's seed nor stem, but it's

flowers ; one, too, whose fragrance is to be inhaled with the flower of the mind. Our fathers had the quick heats of personal oppression and revolution to bring them to this result ; but what can we expect of a generation of maggots, the sole ambition of each of which is to be a fatter maggot than the other, and all seeing nothing beyond their special old Stilton ? We must begin low enough even with the best. How many of those who fancy themselves friends of Freedom, do we find laying down Wall Street and Kansas land-lots, as the corner-stones of her temple ? And surely, to a real freeman, this association with liberty of the advantage of free labor or equal power of the general government, is as low as one who should mingle with vows of love inquiries as to the bulk of his lady's purse, or the extent of the betrothed larder. That brotherhood of freemen, who join hands through all lands and ages, must teach others the **RUDIMENTS** ; look-

ing upon professions of devotion to Freedom as Cant, — yet Cant, in which line for line a real face is masked; Cant to which the people must be held until the flood-tide shall come which make it *real*. For this end we must be content to go far down on the dry beach and foster the faintest, feeblest wave that beats in the right direction in every mind; nor despise it because it is not floating ships stranded up by the high water marks.

It was in the autumn of one of these late years, that I received from an old classmate, the following note.

W—, VIRGINIA, Oct. 20.

DEAR C.

Do come over and see us! I hear that you have become a fearful Abolitionist, and my wife says she's afraid of you; but still, come! That topic shall be sunk in the river Styx.

Yours, as ever,

PHILIP.

Something moved me to comply. A week after, I entered, by the familiar old stage and the same old driver, (always much "tighter" than the reigns he held,) the threadbare streets of one of the oldest towns of Virginia. I found my friend surrounded by the luxuries of a new, neat cottage, and a happy honeymoon, which were shared by an interesting young wife.

The afternoon had passed pleasantly, and we had seated ourselves comfortably beside the glowing hearth; already deep in memories of old friendships and earlier scenes, forgetful of the charms by which we were separated, and, as it were, grasping hands tightly once more before a parting, which promised to be for many a long sad year, we gave ourselves up to the pleasure of the occasion. Then, suddenly, close to the door a sob was heard, — and then, in quick succession, a sob, a groan, and a low voice said, "O, my poor Tom!"

The young wife, pale as marble, was at the

door in an instant. On opening it a young colored woman stood in view, sobbing violently. She had just heard that her husband, to whom she had been married about two months, had been sold that morning to the far South, by his master, who lived a few miles off. The poor thing was in despair, and sank upon the floor, moaning. My friend's wife knelt down by her, speechless, her arm placed kindly about the neck of the unfortunate. Then came a silence that was mournful, indeed. Presently this young woman, Philip's wife, arose and turned upon us, her face all wet with tears, — strode across with the dignity of Rachel, and gave me her hand, — “Now, sir,” she cried, “I am not afraid of you! You see it is all Satan's own! No, no, dear husband, don't speak to me. I hate it! hate, hate, hate Slavery! Go back and tell them all that we are in Sodom! I will go out into the kitchen and tell every servant to go, go, go — where they shall

live in some peace !” And out she rushed, her husband after her. (I think I have preserved the *ipsissima verba* of this Pythoness.)

For a full hour I was left alone with the fire, which burnt without and within, whilst I mused, interrupted only by quick, high voices, which occasionally reached me from another part of the house. At length my friend stepped softly in. He was sorry the scene had occurred ; his wife was sorry also ; was aware of the weakness she had shown before a stranger ; had not been very well, lately ; desired to be excused for the rest of the evening. Then followed a pause, broken first by Philip.

“Your Anti-Slavery friends would, I suppose, make much of such an incident as this.”

“There are some subjects, it would seem, that the river Styx cannot keep down, Philip,” I said, wishing him to open and direct the conversation. “There are, I know there are, a great many evils about the system. Many evils

beset every position, however well defended, (and here I saw the vision of the young wife, with arm encircling the slave's neck, mingling her tears with hers,) which is outside the protection of the holy mother, Liberty." My friend gave an equivocal smile.

"Does that sound to you like Cant?"

"I must say it did, a little."

"And yet for this Cant I have untwined so many arms of affection, unclasped so many warm hands which held mine, that I must ask you to believe it something more, Philip!"

"Forgive me," he answered, with a slight tremor in his voice, "I did not mean to distrust you. But, truly, this idea of Liberty seems to me more or less a phantom. I can feel concerned for special cases of oppression and cruelty, and admire special cases of heroic rebellion against injustice and arbitrary power, but Liberty, in itself, is vague; few persons, on earth, are free, and those by no means happiest

or most furnished with the means of doing good."

"I might reply to this last remark in the lines of the poet, —

He that feeds men serveth few ;

He serves all who dares be true.

"But pray bear with me whilst I disclose what it is that we mean, and show you that our idea of Liberty is no speculation or enthusiasm, but a positive mathematical necessity."

"That is just what I have never seen."

"Observe, then, that it has become an axiom of natural history, that the higher the organization the greater the freedom. The animals of lowest structure fasten themselves to rocks, or in the river-shallows, for protection ; they move about slowly and with difficulty ; their lives are at the mercy of external elements, their only escape from which is in the prison of a shell. Each step in the scale of rising

life differs from the first only in greater independence of external things by the growth of stronger self-sustaining apparatus ; each higher animal form was simply a revolution for Freedom. Thus you see the idea of Liberty is as ancient as the most conservative could desire, and began with the pulses of nature. Is it wonderful that man should inherit it ; that what was in the stem should prevail in the fruit ? For the naturalist shows us that man's form is the triumph of physical Freedom.

Now, then, at this point, we enter another sphere ; that of man, wherein stratum rises on stratum, with the same old music. Here we find the axiom, *The higher the race, the greater the freedom*. The races of men are classified with regard of their historical efforts toward Freedom, and the false assertion of the ignorant concerning the lowest races, that *they are fit only to be slaves*, reveals that this is the tests of higher and lower. We say of the Sax-

on, he is highest, because he has never submitted to be a slave. The Jew, in Palestine, is a nobler man than the Jew, in Egypt.

Then we pass into a higher formation, — into inward and spiritual life. Thought is thought, by reason of Freedom. The structural bondage of an animal to the earth, is an outer sign of inner trammel to animal instincts; but an animal which should show that it could act as a free agent, from rational and conscientious motives, would be human, though a quadruped, and would be so recognized: and, on the other hand, if any one, apparently human, shows that he is unemancipated from the animal, he cannot be treated as a freeman, — such being the case with animals, &c. Moral, intellectual, and personal Freedom are, then, as essential conditions of any true, upright manhood, as the preservation of the centre of gravity is essential to the upright posture of the body.

And so upward, quite through the universe,

runs the law ! All superiority, heroism, genius, are but greater Freedom ; that is, they are the results of extreme individuality, which is Freedom. This progress of animal forms, from the imprisonment of a mollusk to the liberty of man, is at the same time a progress from without *inward* ; the sun and air were the nerves of the jelly-fish, but the fish has nerves gathered in independent centres ; the shell of the oyster is absorbed into the skeleton of the reptile. What else is genius but the latest workings of this law, when the mind *originates* ideas, where lower minds fasten on others as barnacles ? What else is character than self-sustaining force, in contrast with servility and conventionality ?

For this reason I spoke to you of Liberty as the holy mother of all earthly good. I speak but the refrain of the chorus of all the best men who have lived ; for not one great man is known in history who has not, in some form,

borne witness in favor of Freedom. The early Christians had a motto, *Where the spirit of the Lord is there is Liberty*: the old British bards were named, *Those who are free throughout the world*: the mission of America, on earth, is to realize the full glory of these words, *All men are created free and equal*! For of all these, Liberty has been, and is, the miracle-working genius."

* * * * *

A few years have passed since this night. My friend lived on and gave no sign. Recently he died; and the following is the substance of a note received from his wife: "Perhaps it would please you to know that, by his will, Philip has emancipated his slaves. I think the lesson of poor Sally, which occurred during your visit, was never lost upon him. When he was dying, he took the hands of both our little boys and mine, and said, 'Dear Margaret, teach them as I had intended to do had I

lived — *to live for Freedom and hate Slavery, at any cost.* Those were his last words."

I have concluded that I have been too often impatient of *rudiments* — to which, in this case, I was led by personal feeling. Have you not been so also, brother? I have somewhere read a fine German epigram of the witless man, who, when fortune is near his *right* hand, is sure to thrust out his *left*; perhaps fogysm is not the only folly; and surely God could have created no mind without some handle, which is at the command of whatever grasp of evidence and truth is adapted to it.

CINCINNATI, Ohio, September 22, 1857

Faith and Patience.

BY PARKER PILLSBURY.

SINCE the world began, no enterprise has more sternly tested the integrity and virtue of any people, than has the Anti-Slavery movement, in this country; and no gifts or graces are more important to the Abolitionists, than Faith and Patience. With these in full exercise, we may be invincible; without them, we are nothing.

It may not be our work to abolish Slavery. That may be reserved for our children's children. Still our part in the grand achievement is as needful for it in the next century, as it could be were the triumph to be next year.

Ten thousand conditions must be fulfilled to

produce a rose; ten thousand times ten thousand, perhaps, to produce a revolution.

Of these last, are we. And our earnest co-operation is as indispensable as are the south winds and showers of spring, to unlock the icy prisons of winter, before even seed-time can come. But to labor and suffer patiently and manfully, in such a strife as ours, with faint hope that even we or our children shall shout the final victory, demands a degree of confidence in God and his laws, which few, probably, ever reach.

The faith and fortitude of our Revolutionary fathers was surely very unlike that of those who rear their statues and monuments. The tories of that day were better than the patriots of this. And yet the wrongs inflicted by Slavery upon the North, upon labor everywhere, are enough to have almost healed the treason even of Benedict Arnold. Our Southern tyrants and task-

masters should have made patriots of all the Arnold race, and given them statues and honors by the side of Warren and Washington. For the little finger of Slavery is thicker than were the loins of both king and parliament.

It is easy now to magnify the Revolution of 1776. Dancing girls could bring the top stone to Bunker Hill Monument, when all other resources failed. The dulcet eloquence of Everett can be petrified into a pillar to the fame of Washington. But that same Everett declared he would gird on his armor and fight against the slaves, should they catch the spirit of Washington, and imitate his example in a death-struggle for Liberty! Even the moral and religious Anti-Slavery meeting he instructed his legislature to decree, *an unlawful assembly!* Had he been governor, in Boston, in 1775, is there any doubt on which side he would have been found? In behalf of the oppressor, he

would have razed the Old Cradle of Liberty to the ground, and hung every Adams and Otis whose eloquence ever shook its walls !

True, those were times to try men's souls ; and results showed, that in those times, men had souls. But those days and their deeds are passed now, and panegyrists and historians, orators and poets, can safely chant their praises.

Not so with us in our own conflict. Now is our hour of trial. Time may come, when to have descended from Garrison, or the humblest of his faithful coadjutors, will be greater honor than to have signed the Declaration of Independence.

Our conflict has no parallel in the past. Never before was mortal hated, as is the slave ; to befriend him, is a peril and sacrifice unknown before ; he is, most emphatically, the least, the very least, of the brethren of him who hung on Calvary's cross. Ages ago, it was written, "whom we most injure, we most hate."

As a people, we hate the slave, in this country, because we have injured him; we hate him that he is a slave; we hate him for the color his God gave him; we hate him for his crisped hair; we hate him for the form of his features; we hate him for the fancied ill odor of his skin; we hate him for his whole condition, when we have crushed him down into it; we hate him that he is ignorant, when we have made him so; we hate him that he is debased and degraded, while we keep him so.

Our Supreme Court declares the black man has no rights which the white man is bound to respect. Our Church anticipated the decision, and builded its negro pew in the sanctuary. It set it at the table of the sacrament. It has reared it in the grave yard, and why not also in the kingdom of heaven!

Such are those whose cause we, who are Abolitionists plead, and for whom we labor and pray. They are not the Greeks; they are not Poland.

They are not Kossuth, Lamartine, nor Mazzini. All these our country could bless; did bless, at least with sympathy, if not with more material aid. They are not Ireland, in famine, or we could send them whole cargoes of corn and commiseration.

Even the shivered fragments of our Aborigines share largely in the popular regard. The Government has its "Indian Bureau," with a whole corps of well-paid commissioners and agents devoted to that department. The Church, too, has her missions to the "Red Men," and counts her schools and converts these with millennial hopes and rejoicings.

But, alas, it is not thus with the American slave! "No man cared for my soul," mourned the minstrel of Israel. No man cares for mine, echoes the despairing bondman.

Here then, is the mission of the Abolitionists. Here are the Faith and Patience of the saints to be made manifest and perfected. Inasmuch

as ye do it unto the hated, hunted, black, and despised slave, ye do it unto the least of my brethren. And so ye do it unto me.

What though we are few? So ever are the faithful. What though we grow fewer still! This, too, may be part of God's economy. What though we see no results to gladden our souls? To wait as well as work, may be part of our appointment. What though the heaven over us seem brass, and the earth iron under our feet? This, also, is of "Him whose way is in the cloud." Let us learn a Faith that shall make that very cloud a pillar of fire and of light.

Our time shall surely come, as the Lord liveth. In the outward world, seed-time and harvest are not far disjoined; but in the moral vineyard and its husbandry, there are many "century plants," which shall still yield their treasures in due season. The planting of Moses and Isaiah has not yet all ripened for the harvest. The flower blooming to-day on the Nile, may

have descended from seed sown by Pharoah's daughter. And our faithful word or deed of this hour, may be blossoming in beauty and blessing, when future Layards shall be exhuming the ruins of New York, instead of Nineveh; and when grave antiquarians shall come from old institutions in Austral-Asia, to search the shores of the Hudson and the *debris* of the Mississippi deltas, to find traces of a once flourishing civilization.

Let us be mindful of this; and in Faith and Patience, ever possess our souls.

CONCORD, New Hampshire, 1857.

Ho! Help!

BY DANIEL RICKETSON.

GIVE of thy gold, O! man of wealth,
Give us thy strength, thou man of health!
Stretch forth thy hand, and do thy part,
Thou who art poor — give thou thy heart!
The slave is groaning in his chains,
His blood has cursed our hills and plains;
Our foes, regardless of his fate,
Have basely wrecked the ship of State;
Her mildew'd sails droop o'er her side,
Her hull is drifting with the tide!
Ho! to the helm, some master bold!
Each gallant sailor seize his hold!

Man every yard ! let hope prevail,
And to the breeze set every sail.
No longer stand aside dismayed,
But let your valor be displayed ;
Shall that low, black, and blood-stained craft,
Which dire tornadoes hither waft,
Our strong and ready crew appal !
Shall they to Slavery's dictates fall !
A manly stand may save us now,
A shrinking fear must lay us low.
Come from your farms, ye yeomen brave !
Come, as your fathers came, to save !
The cause of Liberty demands
A nobler service at your hands.
Old Nature yielding to your toil,
The very incense of her soil,
Through every echoing valley round,
Cries Freedom from the furrowed ground !
Come from the workshop and the mart !
'Tis Liberty that claims your heart !

Not only now the bleeding slave,
But hearths and altars rouse to save, —
For now within our very homes,
The tyrant with his mandate comes !
Ho ! to the rescue, sons and sires ! —
Arouse your strong ancestral fires !

BROOKLAWN, near New Bedford,
September 25, 1857.

De la Liberté Personnelle et de
l'esclavage.

TIRÉ D'UN ECRIT INEDIT SUR LA LIBERTÉ.

BY J. J. AMPÈRE.

LE libre arbitre est ce qui constitue notre personne, la liberté personnelle est donc une liberté essentielle qui dérive de notre nature. Refuser à une créature humaine la liberté personnelle c'est prétendre anéantir l'essence de l'homme et tuer dans l'homme ce qui est l'homme même. On ne peut anéantir toute liberté personnelle dans l'homme. Déclarer qu'une créature libre n'est pas libre c'est tout aussi absurde que de déclarer qu'une pierre possède de la liberté. C'est pourquoi les stoiciens

soutenaient que l'homme peut être libre même dans les fers, car on peut toujours vouloir librement et même on ne peut vouloir autrement.

Mais s'il est impossible d'atteindre la liberté intérieure de l'homme, on peut empêcher toute manifestation extérieure de la liberté et traiter une créature libre comme si elle ne l'était pas ; cela n'est point une absurdité, mais c'est un crime. Puisque je suis une personne, mon âme et mon corps m'appartiennent, je dois pouvoir en disposer à ma volonté, l'esclavage me vole mon corps et mon âme.

L'origine de l'esclavage est la force. La force n'est pas un droit, il n'y a pas de droit de l'esclavage.

Ici l'achat ne constitue point un droit, car nul ne saurait vendre ce qui ne lui appartient pas. Un homme ne peut appartenir à un autre homme. La propriété est, comme on l'a dit, fondée sur la prise de possession par une personne libre, d'une chose qui ne l'est point ; or,

tout homme est un être libre, on ne peut donc en prendre possession. L'esclave n'appartient point au maître qui le vend, il n'appartient point au maître qui l'a acheté, on ne peut donc faire valoir en faveur de l'esclavage le droit de propriété. Ce droit est la condamnation du maître, car c'est le maître qui prive l'esclave de la plus incontestable des propriétés, la propriété de lui-même.

Ce résultat découle de l'essence des choses, de l'impossibilité où est l'homme de la changer, de faire qu'une chose soit ce qu'elle n'est pas.

Il n'y a point de loi qui puisse violer cette loi.

Ce principe posé, voyons ce que l'esclavage a été et je l'écris en rougissant, ce qu'il est encore dans le monde.

L'Esclavage en lui-même est toujours monstrueux, il faudrait trouver un mot plus fort. On appelle monstrueux ce qui diffère de la forme régulière des êtres; or l'esclavage est

contraire à l'essence même de la nature humaine. La chose est si horrible que le mot qu'il faudrait trouver pour l'exprimer n'existe pas.

L'esclavage, monstrueux en lui-même, a été à diverses époques et chez différents peuples plus ou moins cruel, cela ne change rien à sa nature ; on en peut dire autant de tous les fléaux. L'esclavage peut être bénin, il y a des fièvres bénignes, la peste et le choléra n'ont pas toujours et partout la même intensité.

En Orient l'esclavage a été en général moins rude qu'ailleurs. On sait que dans les pays Musulman l'esclave fait comme partie de la famille, qu'il lui arriv d'épouser la fille de son maître et de s'élever aux plus grands emplois. Le despotisme est le régime à peu près universel de l'Orient. Personne n'étant libre, il n'y a pas une très grande différence entre la condition du maître et celle de l'esclave, d'où il suit que le sort de ce dernier est plus tolérable, car le

maître ne peut beaucoup mépriser une condition assez voisine de la sienne, et c'est le mépris surtout qui endurecit le cœur. Aussi la démarcation entre l'esclave et le maître n'est nulle part plus profonde que chez les nations libres, parceque nulle part l'intervalle qui les sépare n'est plus grand.

La douceur du caractère Athenien tempérerait ces rigueurs, mais à Rome le contraste des deux conditions se montre dans toute son âpreté, sous la république encore plus que sous l'Empire. Le premier, qui à Rome se soit occupé de protéger les esclaves c'est un empereur, c'est Claude.

Aux Etats-Unis le mépris de l'esclave est poussé jusqu'à ses dernières limites, aussi bien que l'orgueil de l'homme libre.

Ceci ne prouve rien contre la liberté : j'ai dit comment il était naturel qu'il en fût ainsi et on ne peut appeler le niveau du despotisme qui rapproche le citoyen de l'esclave, un bienfait.

Mais cela fait sentir combien il importe aux peuples libres de ne pas tolérer dans leur sein l'esclavage, car il y est pire qu'ailleurs et il en résulte entre la liberté des uns et la servitude des autres une révoltante contradiction.

Aux Etats-Unis et partout où se sont les nègres qui sont esclaves, le préjugé de la couleur rend l'esclavage encore plus dur, car les maîtres parviennent à se persuader qu'ils ne sont pas de la même espèce que leurs esclaves. C'est ce qui fait que les nègres même libres, que les mulâtres libres, que les quarteronnes libres blanches comme des Européennes, parce qu'un œil exercé découvre autour de leur ongle ou dans un coin de leur œil la trace de leur origine, sont appelés *gens de couleur* et subissent la réprobation attachée à ce nom.

Cela est une absurdité grossière. Ceux qui pensent que les nègres sont d'une autre espèce que nous, ignorent les éléments de l'histoire naturelle. Ce qui constitue l'espèce c'est que

les individus qui la composent, peuvent former entre eux des unions fécondes : or les blancs savent sur ce sujet à quoi s'en tenir et les mulâtres sont là pour les éclairer.

De plus, les nègres ont en partage les facultés intellectuelles et morales qui sont les attributs et le caractère de l'espèce humaine, ils ont le libre arbitre qui est le signe essentiel de l'humanité.

Quand certaines facultés seraient moins développées dans la race noire, quand on admettrait que cette race est inférieure à la race blanche à beaucoup d'égards, ce que j'admettrai volontiers, quand on penserait contrairement à la tradition religieuse pour laquelle on affecte aux Etats-Unis un si grand respect et contre l'opinion de la grande majorité des physiologistes, que tous les hommes ne proviennent pas d'une même souche, qu'en pourrait on conclure ?

La supériorité d'intelligence ne donne nul droit sur la liberté d'autrui, autrement les gens

d'esprit auraient le droit de se faire servir par les sots ; droit que les gens d'esprit n'ont, je crois, jamais réclamé précisément par ce qu'ils sont des gens d'esprit. Vouloir fonder l'esclavage sur une différence de nature est donc une insoutenable erreur.

Ce que je n'ai jamais pu comprendre c'est qu'elle ait pu être énoncée par Aristote. Aristote dit positivement qu'il y a des natures d'esclaves. Cette proposition est encore plus inconcevable chez le prince des philosophes qu'elle ne l'est chez un planteur de la Nouvelle Orléans. Car au moins celui-ci peut arguer de la différence des traits et de la peau, mais dans l'antiquité les esclaves en général ne différaient en rien des autres hommes. Chacun pouvait devenir esclave lorsqu'il était fait prisonnier à la guerre ou lorsque la population dont il faisait partie était réduite en captivité. Si la ville de Stagyre eut été prise d'assaut, ou si des pirates avaient capturé un vaisseau sur lequel

se serait trouvé Aristote, Aristote aurait été esclave, eut-il pour cela changé de nature? On est confondu en rencontrant une si déplorable aberration chez un tel génie, et on ne saurait l'expliquer que par ce besoin bien déplorable lui-même d'ériger en droit un fait universellement établi, ce qui permet de tout justifier. Détestable tendance dont la philosophie ne saurait trop se défendre et dont elle doit se défier en voyant où elle a conduit un penseur comme Aristote.

Dieu est juste. Il punit le mal par lui-même. Il était commode aux Grecs et aux Romains de laisser à des mains serviles le soin de cultiver la terre, de leur imposer les fonctions infimes et nécessaires de la société, pendant qu'eux-mêmes formaient une classe d'oisifs qui passaient des journées sur la place publique, au théâtre ou dans le cirque. Cet état de choses qui avait des charmes, finit par avoir des inconvénients. A Athènes, à Sparte surtout les hommes libres

finirent par se trouver dans une telle minorité qu'il n'y eut plus de peuple, mais quelques privilégiés et un troupeau d'esclaves : or là où il n'y a pas de peuple il n'y a pas d'armée. A Rome, l'accroissement du nombre des esclaves fit au travail libre une concurrence qu'il ne put soutenir, amena la ruine de la petite propriété et par suite cet excès demesuré de la grande qui perdit l'Italie. De même les sucriers des Etats-Unis trouvent commode de faire exécuter sans payer la main d'œuvre des travaux excessifs que les blancs sauraient difficilement supporter. Mais l'esclavage est le châtiment de cette société qui l'a souffert, il en est le seul danger, il menace sans cesse de la briser, et à ce mal, dont chacun a le sentiment nul ne voit un remède. L'esclavage est dans la constitution, le gouvernement central n'a pas plus le droit de l'abolir dans les différents états que ne l'a le parlement Anglais ou le Sénat de Paris.

Les citoyens des états à esclave ne sont dis-

posés à sacrifier ni leur propriété, ni leur part dans les élections politiques, qui est proportionnelle non seulement au nombre des citoyens, mais au nombre des esclaves. Affranchir brusquement cinq ou six millions de noirs et les jeter dans la société serait périlleuse pour la société et inquietant pour eux-mêmes. Tout cela est vrai et l'on conçoit l'embarras d'une telle situation ; mais d'autre part il faut prendre un parti car cette situation en se prolongeant ne s'améliore pas, mais empire au contraire par l'accroissement assez rapide de la population esclave ; et en même temps l'opposition à l'esclavage dans les états libres devient de plus en plus menaçante. Enfin, et ceci domine tout, l'esclavage est quelque chose en soi d'abominable, à part les atrocités plus ou moins grandes, et il y en a nécessairement de très grandes. Quand tout ce qu'on peut dire de l'humanité des maîtres, de leur intérêt à soigner leur propriété serait vrai, la dégradation morale

à laquelle ils condamnent des êtres humains en les faisant descendre au dessous de la condition humaine, en privant des personnes que Dieu a faites libres de tout droit personnel, cette dégradation de l'homme, cette mutilation de l'œuvre de Dieu, cette violation de la liberté humaine qui est l'essence de notre nature, ne peuvent être acceptées, *cela de doit pas être.*

Les Americains disent qu'ils n'ont point institué parmi eux l'esclavage; que l'Angleterre l'a imposé à ses colonies, malgré leurs réclamations. Cela ne les dispense nullement de l'abolir. Il faut en revenir au principe fondamental que j'ai posé plus haut. L'esclavage est contre le droit, faire un homme esclave c'est lui voler ce qui est à lui, sa liberté personnelle: or, quand on a hérité d'un bien volé on peut choisir le mode de restitution qu'on croit le meilleur, mais il faut restituer.

ROME, ce 20 Octobre, 1857.

Requiescat in Pace.

BY RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES.

We have watched him to the last ;
We have seen the dreaded king
Smile pacific, as he past
By that couch of suffering :
Wrinkles of aggressive years,
Channels of recondite tears,
Furrows on the anxious brow,
All are smooth as childhood's now.—
Death, as seen by men in dreams,
Something stern and cruel seems,
But his face is not the same,
When he comes into the room,
Takes the hand, and names the name,
Seals the eyes with tender gloom,

Saying: "Blessed are the laws
To which all God's creatures bend:
Mortal! fear me not because
Thine inevitable friend!"

So, when all the limbs were still,
Moved no more, by sense or will,
Reverent hands the body laid
In the Church's pitying shade,
With the pious rites that fall,
Like the rain-drops, upon all.
What could man refuse or grant
The spiritual inhabitant,
Who so long had ruled within,
With power to sin or not to sin?
Nothing. Hope, and hope alone,
Mates with Death. Upon a stone
Let the simple name be writ,
Traced upon the infant's front
Years ago: and under it,
As with Christian folk is wont,

"*Requiescat*:" or, may be,
Symbol letters, R. I. P.

Rest is happy — rest is right,
Rest is precious in God's sight.
But if he, who lies below,
 Out of an abundant heart
Drawing remedies for woe,
 Never wearied to impart
Blessings to his fellow men;
If he never rested then,
But each harvest gathered seed
For the future word and deed,—
And the darkness of his kind
 Filled him with such endless ruth,
 That the very light of truth
Pained him walking mid the blind,—
How, when some transcendant change
Gives his being boundless range,—
When he knows not time or space,
In the nearness of God's face,—

In the world of spirits how
Shall that soul be resting now ?
While one creature is unblest,
How can such as he have rest ?

“ Rest in Peace,” the legend runs,
Rest is sweet to Adam’s sons.—
But can he whose busy brain
 Worked within this hollow skull,
Now his zeal for truth restrain,
 Now his subtle fancy dull,
When he wanders spirit-free
In his young immortality !
While on earth he only bore
Life, as it was linked with lore,
And the infinite increase
Of knowledge was his only peace ;
Till that knowledge be possest,
How can such a mind have rest ?

Rest is happy — rest is meet
For well-worn and weary feet.

Surely not for him, on whom
Ponderous stands the pompous tomb,
Prompt to blind the Future's eyes
With gilt deceit, and blazoned lies :
Him, who never used his powers
To speed for good, the waiting hours,
Made none wiser for his seeing,
Made none better for his being ;
Closed his eyes, lest other's woes
Should disturb his base repose ;
Catching at each selfish jest : —
How can he have right to rest ?

Rather we would deem him driven
Anywhere in search of heaven,
Failing ever in the quest,
Till he learns it is not given
That man should by himself be blest.

Thus my thoughts went wandering on,
Tinged by turns with fear and hope,
Seeking in vain communion
Realities beyond their scope ;

Here we struggle with the light,
And when comes the fated night,
Into Nature's lap we fall,
Like tired children, one and all.
Day and Labor, Night and Rest,
Come together in our mind,
And we image forth the blest
To eternal calm resigned :
Yet it may be that the abyss
Of the lost is only this,
That for them all things to come
Are inanimate and dumb,
And immortal life they steep
In dishonorable sleep :
While no power of pause is given
To the inheritors of Heaven ;
And the holiest still are those
Who are furthest from repose,
And yet onward, onward press
To a loftier godliness ;
Still becoming, more than being,
Apprehending, more than seeing,

Feeling, as from orb to orb
In their awful course they run,
How their souls new light absorb
From the self-existing One,—
Demiurgos, throned above,
Mind of Mind, and Love of Love.

Bunker Hill in 1775, and Bunker
Hill in 1857.

BY WILLIAM ROUNSEVILLE ALGER.

ON the seventeenth of June, 1775, towards sunset, the dead body of Joseph Warren was lying on the crimsoned slopes of Bunker Hill. His discomfited but resolute countrymen had slowly retreated from a defeat which was a victory. The smoke of smouldering Charlestown rose around. There lay the young hero and martyr, in the splendor of his genius, the pride of his beauty, and the fragrance of his fame.

England had passed certain unwarrantable enactments, not at all affecting the personal

liberty of the American people, but subversive of some of their legal rights and pecuniary interests. Warren, keenly alive to the moral and poetic sentiment of patriotism, unable to tolerate anything that looked like oppression, spurning the thought of fear, was among the very first to protest and to rouse his fellow citizens to resistance. And when the crisis came, when power resolved to enforce wrong, he flew to the post of peril to make his bold words good by bolder deeds. Lingered, lion-like, in the rear of the withdrawing troops, a murderous ball pierced him. And here now he lay in death, the costliest offering the land could place upon the altar of Freedom. While the tragic tidings went forth, as nightfall drew on, the sympathetic genius of his country wept over him with the descending dew.

On the seventeenth of June, 1857, as the sun was flagging towards the west, a great multitude were inaugurating a marble statue of

Joseph Warren, on Bunker Hill. Profound as the contrast between the spectacle of this hour and that presented eighty-two years before, was the change in the spirit and purpose of the people. The advance of national prosperity had not been more marked, than the inversion of principle and the degradation of sentiment had been surprising. A desperate struggle for Independence was *then* inaugurated in fire and blood. The statue of a celebrated patriot was *now* to be inaugurated with pomp and servility. The actors in that seventeenth of June, on Bunker Hill, were ready to suffer martyrdom rather than submit to an arbitrary tax. The actors in this seventeenth of June, on Bunker Hill, were willing to fawn, and creep softly, and omit the most vital part of their quotations so as not to use the word "slaves," and suppress both the golden rule and the principles of the Declaration of Independence, rather than disturb, in the least, the pampered sensibilities

of the lords of Slavedom. Upon the righteous cause of the fathers God had smiled, and when it was crowned with success, they had solemnly declared that their dearest purpose was to establish a government under which all men should be free and equal. But since that time the Southern institution of negro bondage had become so rooted, extensive, and profitable, had nourished in its aristocracy such an overweening conceit and haughtiness, had so pervadingly got possession of the general government and patronage, had diffused such an inhuman contempt for the African race, had generated such a habit of truckling and concession in the submissive and half-demoralized Northern States, that the ruling majority of the people — the spurious Democracy, the Roman Catholic Irish, and the fanatical Slaveholders — a three-fold cord not easily broken — had declared that the Constitution shields Slavery wherever it

reaches, and that the star-spangled banner carries Slavery wherever it goes !

But Massachusetts had remained comparatively true to the pure vows of that earlier time. And now, amid the honors to be paid to the first great martyr of the Revolution, surely was a fitting opportunity for her eloquent sons to proclaim afresh her allegiance, and to swear for her an ever-growing devotion to the cause of universal Liberty. Would it not be done? Would not heroic voices be lifted up, and the spirit of the apotheosised patriot rise to prompt the words? Alas, that the ancient tale must ever be acted over; that those who garnish the tombs of the dead prophets will, while doing it, desecrate the cause for which they laid down their lives, and turn and stone their living descendants !

There were especial reasons for an uncompromising utterance of the mind of Massachu-

setts, on Bunker Hill, that day. The brave and scholarly senator, who had served her in the national councils with such signal fidelity, taken by surprise by a debauched and drunken coward abetted by armed and confederate bullies, had been bludgeoned nearly to death on the floor of the Capitol. This brutal atrocity the whole South had enthusiastically endorsed, scarcely an individual daring so much as to peep or mutter against it, while the thunders of applause rolled in unbroken succession from the Blue Ridge to Texas. At this very hour he was uncertainly seeking, in a foreign land, recovery from those fearful wounds. But during such a ceremony as this his heart was sure to be on Bunker Hill; and it was natural that he should wish to be kindly remembered by his friends and constituents. He had a right to expect so much. Would any other State in the Union, under such circumstances, have utterly forgotten, or purposely omitted, throughout the whole day, the

slightest recognition of the existence of such a son, nearly murdered for his noble efforts in her service? The scene lay within sight of his native city, and represented the entire Commonwealth, whose chosen senator and beloved child he was. His associates in her Congressional delegation were present, as also were other friends of his, members of Congress from free States. Not one of them was allowed to speak a word. But an arrogant slaveholder, odiously identified with the Fugitive Slave Bill, a studious insulter of Massachusetts, a bitter enemy of Mr. Sumner, an obtrusive and disgusting approver of Brooks's fiendish outrage, instead of being treated as his peers were, was singled out for particular compliment. He spoke,—the imperiousness of the slaveholder's dictation visible in each haughty gesture, the swing and cut of the slaveholder's lash audible in each domineering tone. But no man, known as an earnest friend of the slave, spoke there. Not

one timely and hearty word in behalf of true Freedom was uttered that day. Mr. Mason was the only person who so much as recognized the existence of American Slavery. I should have thought that, when they unveiled the cold effigy of Warren, the stony lips would have parted and a supernatural utterance have carried, through terror-stricken souls, the old strain with which he thrilled the Boston of 1775: — "The voice of your fathers' blood cries to you from the ground, 'My sons, scorn to be slaves!'"

In the opinion of a large portion of the people of Massachusetts, that glorious opportunity, on Bunker Hill, was not merely wasted but profaned, and parts of the service were an unpardonable insult to every true son of the State. A generous indignation was widely kindled by sympathy with the slave, by loyalty to moral principle, and by a loathing for heartless recreancy. In many quarters, expression was given to merited rebukes, which awoke a deep

response in the bosoms of thousands, in spite of the deprecating ebullitions of meanness and hate that followed. This is one of the encouraging signs of the times, indicative of the progress made; for, twenty years ago, the sequel would have been different. It is vain now, anywhere in the free States, to attempt to cry down, or slander down, or stigmatize, an upright man, for earnestly expressing his love of impartial Freedom, and his measureless disgust for those politicians who scoff at the laws of God by deifying the reckless policy of a party of tyrants; whose exultation over their own selfish Liberty seems to derive a new relish when they feel their feet on the necks of their bondsmen, and catch a glimpse, in Southern vistas, of the American flag flapping above auction-blocks loaded with sable families, and surrounded with whips and chains! It is too late among us for that now. And in closing the record of another year of Anti-Slavery

struggle, even this humble word about Bunker Hill in 1775, and Bunker Hill in 1857, may serve as a fresh blow, from the providential tongue of truth, against the side of that "Liberty Bell" which shall yet, some day, sound for the emancipation of the last slave on the Continent.

Boston, November 1, 1857.

Extract from Dr. Joseph Warren's Oration, delivered
in the Old South, Boston, March 5, 1772.

THE voice of your fathers' blood cries to you from the ground, "My sons, scorn to be SLAVES!" In vain we met the frowns of tyrants; in vain we crossed the boisterous ocean, found a new world, and prepared it for the happy residence of Liberty; in vain we toiled; in vain we fought; we bled in vain, if you, our offspring, want valor to repel the assaults of her invaders!

Stain not the glory of your worthy ancestors; but like them resolve never to part with your birthright. Be wise in your deliberations, and determined in your exertions for the preservation of your Liberty.

Follow not the dictates of passion; but enlist yourselves under the sacred banner of reason; use every method in your power to secure your

rights; at least prevent the curses of posterity from being heaped upon your memories.

If you, with united zeal and fortitude, oppose the torrent of oppression; if you feed the true fire of patriotism burning in your breasts; if you, from your souls, despise the most gaudy dress which Slavery can wear; if you really prefer the lonely cottage, whilst blest with Liberty, to gilded palaces, surrounded with the ensigns of Slavery, you may have the fullest assurance that Tyranny, with her whole accursed train, will hide her hideous head in confusion, shame, and despair.

If you perform your part, you must have the strongest confidence that the same Almighty Being, who protected your pious and venerable forefathers, who enabled them to turn a barren wilderness into a fruitful field, who so often made bare his arm for their salvation, will still be mindful of their offspring.

May this ALMIGHTY BEING graciously pre-

side in all our councils. May he direct us to such measures as he himself shall approve, and be pleased to bless. May we be ever favored of God. May our land be a land of Liberty, the seat of virtue, the asylum of the oppressed, "a name and a praise in the whole earth," until the last shock of time shall bury the empires of the world in undistinguished ruin!

Sonnet.

BY MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN.

To speed the aim all other aims above —
The sacred charge my native land to free,
Beautiful FRANCE, I turned with hope to thee,
Land of my friendship and my children's love !

There good SOUVESTRE made that aim his own ;
There the true heart to SAINT-HILAIRE's allied ;
And MICHELET's daughter, in her prime that died ;
MANIN ; — COLLEGNO ; — sad ITALIA's crown.

And D'ANGERS, marble-great, the work sped on ;
ARAGO, guarding every starry gleam ;
And saintly MONOD, heaven in every dream :
All these were with me — and all these are gone.

Afar, in briefest battle-pause, the knell
Toll for my faithful dead that loved the cause so well.

AMERICA, November 31, 1857.

The Progress of Reform.

BY CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS.

THE Charleston Courier of the 19th October, has the following announcement:—

“The bishops, clergy, and lay members of the Episcopal Church, to whom the subject matter has been committed, will assemble in Montgomery, on the 25th of November, to perfect the plans for the establishment and endowment of a Southern University, under the control of the church. It is expected, we believe, that the bishops of all the slaveholding States will be present, with two or three exceptions.”

This is but the commencement of a great movement which may truly be denominated

the event of the age. The Episcopal Church of the slaveholding States is about to establish and endow a *Southern* University, because it is not satisfied with the course of instruction pursued in the North. The same process is going on, in other forms, in most of the leading Protestant denominations, all equally bent upon establishing organizations in the slaveholding States, which shall be the means of raising up future generations, so profoundly imbued with convictions in religion, in literature, and in government, adapted to the wants of those regions, as to render them invulnerable to the hostility of the rest of the civilized world. It is the first note of a Declaration of Independence of all the moral restraints imposed by the united voices of philosophers and sages, of patriot martyrs and sainted victims of oppression, for the past four thousand years.

Vast, indeed, is the plan, a thousand fold more expanded than the notable one of the

renowned knight of La Mancha, although there is this striking contrast between the two, that whereas, in the latter case, the chivalrous hero went out for the purpose of succoring the distressed and liberating the captive, wherever found; in the former, the object seems to be to crush him more ruthlessly than ever, by depriving him even of the chance of mercy through the compassion of his oppressor. But the extent of the scheme cannot be measured at a single glance. In order to form a suitable idea of it, some details are indispensable. Let us look, for an instant, at a few of them.

In the first place, all established religious doctrines must be remodelled. In order to do this, some modifications of the translations of the Bible seem absolutely necessary. It would be highly convenient to go back to the practice of the Catholic Church, and cause the services to be performed, and the Bible read in an ancient tongue, so that the power of

resolving all passages of difficulty, proposed by impertinent inquirers, might be left exclusively with the clergy; but as this would give an unpleasant alarm to many tender consciences, especially among weak-minded females, some less startling change may be resorted to. The end will be better answered by altering the received version in those particulars in which it is now faulty, and marking out a special plan of instruction for persons charged with the supervision of seminaries of education. It may, for example, be made a part of it, to hold up the Old Testament as a work of higher and sounder authority than the New, and to inculcate the lesson that *all* the acts of the chosen people of God, as narrated in the historical books, constitute suitable lessons for imitation by the people of the present day. Of course, it will follow that Slavery, being found to be established under the authority of the Deity in that record, must ever appear to

good conservative men, as a most beneficent institution, suitable for all later ages of the world. To be sure, there is something said about the seventh year, and about certain obligations to furnish the bondsman liberally "out of the flock, and out of the floor, and out of the wine press," and to send him away FREE. But then the old adage may be urged, that *circumstances alter cases*; and inasmuch as the Southern country is adapted neither to pasturing of flocks, nor to the production of wine, there is no applicability in the injunctions, excepting, perhaps, as to the floor, which may mean the ground floor, of which the slaves of the South always enjoy a satiety without stirring foundations. And, after all, the fact that the whole thing was an empty ceremony clearly appears from the practice, customary in that day, and sanctioned by the law, of *presuming* that the servant loved his bondage, and then by merely thrusting an awl through his ear

into the door, at once giving him a new physical sensation of happiness, and putting a seal on his enjoyment of Slavery forever.

It is true, that in another part of the Holy Book, it is said that no more than forty stripes shall be given as a punishment. But then it is obvious, that this is meant to apply only to those stripes inflicted on *freemen*, for some criminal offence. For the reason given why the stripes shall not exceed the number named, is lest "thy brother should seem vile unto thee." Now it is made plain from these provisions, in the first place, that by confining the limitation to one class, they leave the number of stripes that may be lawfully given to all other persons, unlimited. Secondly, that in order to inflict them at pleasure on such others, no misconduct needs to be presumed. Thirdly, that as the only reason for restraint, is that it *degrades* thy brother, this can not apply to slaves, because it is of no sort of con-

sequence how much degraded they are. Of course it will be seen that a proper construction of this chapter in Deuteronomy, will clear the way for the relief of those tender consciences of persons who may have been so deluded, heretofore, as to suppose that the Bible teaches charity and mercy to slaves. There can be no doubt that the injunctions to spare the rod were intended to apply only to freemen; and only to those of them who might be vicious. Thus by parity of reasoning it may be proved that the whole system of whipping, hunting, and burning, *ad libitum*, as practised, in the present day, at the South, has the complete sanction of the Bible.

There is another class of cases in the treatment of which much information may be gathered from the examples of the Old Testament. It has been found necessary, of late, in order to get rid of troublesome opponents of Slavery, to use a little of what may be denominated

friendly violence. This has appeared to some to conflict with antique notions of generosity, and manliness, and honor. A great deal of valuable light may be obtained, on the point, from this invaluable repository of examples. For instance, it is said in one place, that David gave one of his servants, Amasa, a command to assemble the men of Judah, for a certain purpose. But when his old captain, Joab, heard of it, he came to Amasa, and said : —

“ ‘Art thou in health, my brother?’ and Joab took Amasa by the beard with the right hand to kiss him.

“But Amasa took no heed to the sword that was in Jacob's hand; so he smote him therewith in the fifth rib, and shed out his bowels to the ground; and struck him not again, and he died.

“And Amasa wallowed in blood, in the midst of the highway. And when the man saw that

all the people stood still, he removed Amasa out of the highway into the field.

“And when he was removed out of the highway, all the people went on after Joab, &c., &c.”

Now this example will be of great use in order to confront paltry objections, like that made last year, against the course of a distinguished captain of the slaveholding cohorts, for his righteous act in punishing that pestilent incendiary, Charles Sumner, in his seat in the senate. It will be seen, at a glance, that the case of Preston S. Brooks falls far within the limits of that of Joab. When Mr. Brooks went up to senator Sumner, he did not address him as his brother, nor did he attempt to take him by the beard to kiss him, neither did he hit him in the bowels with a sword. But all these things did Joab to Amasa; and yet the witnesses, being of the chosen people of God, evidently approved of what Joab had done, for they followed him afterwards. Even Mr.

Brooks's act, which was only a little surprise on a wholly unprepared, unarmed man, not like Joab's, who had a sword to kill Amasa at one stroke, but with a stick so slender as to snap from its repeated application to a hard part of the cranium, can thus be shown to be greatly within the line of precedent. It may, therefore, be maintained and defended as a noble, and even a generous act. Joab and Preston S. Brooks may, for the future, be held up in the same breath, by the learned clergy of the new University, as models of heroic behavior, to all the rising chivalry of the South.

Neither is this quite the whole value of this Scriptural authority. It will be perceived that the text mentions that *all* the Jews, when they saw this tragedy, "stood still." It is not said that even one of them attempted to come forward and see how much Amasa was hurt, to lift him up, or to make the smallest endeavor to aid him. No, they *all* stood stock

still, until a man removed the body into a field ; and then, *they all* followed Joab. Inasmuch as some flippant and ill-tempered remark was made, last year, upon the manner in which certain slaveholders "stood still" when Mr. Sumner was beaten down, without attempting to interpose, or to lift him up, or offer the smallest aid, to set at rest all such evil speaking, it will only be necessary to quote this example of the chosen people of God, in the case of Amasa, and prove that slaveholders, when "standing still," come clearly within the pale of justification proclaimed as from the voice of the Deity himself.

These instances will serve to illustrate the general line of argument that must be adopted for the future, in the great reform proposed in the religious education of the slaveholding States. It is believed that the Old Testament is amply supplied with examples to cover any supposable application of force that it may be

found necessary to resort to in order to establish, most convincingly, the rightfulness of slaveholding among the people of the United States.

Yet it must be allowed that there are a large number of texts in the Bible which seem, at first sight, to favor the notions commonly held in the civilized world touching the value of Freedom, both civil and religious. These are mostly to be found in the New Testament, the exponent of a later, and as it is thought by some, a more perfect revelation of the will of God. The weight which a proper construction of these passages may legitimately claim, must not be denied to them in the South; for such a proceeding might possibly impair the confidence of sundry worthy people in the value of Southern education. But it will be one of the great objects of the proposed institutions of learning, to furnish the means of obtaining a careful and judicious revision of the existing translation of the Holy Scriptures. In that

process it may turn out that many of the passages in question, when seen in the original tongue by the new light, supplied by slaveholding luminaries, will be susceptible of a different construction from that which they have been made to receive. Valuable assistance may be obtained from the well-recognized admission of the Saviour, of the lawfulness of the then existing civil authorities, much as their forms of administration conflicted with all modern popular notions of right. "The powers that be, are ordained of God," says St. Paul. Seen in this light, it will be easy to show that the somewhat over-frequent use of the word "free," as conveying a notion of benefit enjoyed, may be corrected by the substitution of a cognate word having no dangerous association. As, for example, where St. Paul, says, that "Being made *free* from sin, ye became the *servants* of righteousness." The first clause will be much helped by changing the word *free* to *clear*; and then

the other part will seem to be recommending a state of Slavery more decisively, as the habitual attendant of men, even when they are acting most faithfully up to their notions of duty. Should there be other instances in which no such change is practicable, as for example, in the I. Corinthians, where St. Paul begins the chapter so boldly, "Am I not an apostle? am I not *free*?" and again, in the V. Galatians, where he tells his brethren to "stand forth in the liberty wherewith Christ had made them *free*," it will be easy to inspire a caution against misconstruction, by warning the young, in the first place, that the apostle alludes only to the spiritually free; and next, that even in this sense, he probably addressed his language exclusively to people of the *white race*. With qualifications similar to these, it is probable that most of the difficult passages may be fairly explained. Should this, indeed, be the case, and such exceptional texts be

happily provided for, there is no doubt that the remainder of the Holy Scriptures may be so used as to form an inexpugnable barrier against the inroads of all the fanatics and infidels of the world.

If the expected success should attend the above described reform of the scriptural readings, one, and by far the greatest step will have been gained in the grand movement. God will then have been arrayed on the Southern side as the great protecting slaveholder of the universe. This idea should, of itself, be enough to settle all further doubts about the inestimable value of his gift of the domestic institution to mankind. Though the Scriptures do not expressly define the limits of Liberty, yet it can be plainly inferred from every page, that the word is designed to apply only to the white race. They are the legitimate representatives ordained of God to carry out his benevolent purposes to other races of the world. Now

if this be once for all established as an axiom, the next step in the progress will be made much more easy. With the help of this great moral lever, all the modern notions which have crept into literature and science, and which appear to be serious barriers in the way, may be, one by one, gradually and permanently removed. It is not practicable within the limits of the present essay, to go into details fully to show the way in which this important end will be accomplished. A few of the greatest strokes may, however, be hinted at.

And first of all, the attempt must be made to prove that one great cause of the errors disseminated over the world, at this time, is to be found in the frantic idolatry paid to the memory of the heathen nations of Greece and Rome. The time has arrived when this unworthy delusion must give way to more just notions. The senseless cry of Liberty, which was raised in those countries by a

few foolish and visionary enthusiasts, in prose and verse, has done much to pervert all later notions of the relations between the races of mankind. It is perfectly well known that the experiments which they were induced to make of this Liberty in their governments, were monstrous failures; that under them the people never were, and never could be, in the nature of things, really free. Slavery was recognized as a useful institution by them. Hence all their experience argues against their theories. Yet for some reason or other, the human race has been ever since singularly fascinated by the seductive appeals to their imaginations, which are to be found thickly sown in the works, miscalled classical, of antiquity. So deeply is this ingrained in all the ordinary forms of instruction, even in the slaveholding States, that a hope of eradication can only be cherished by striking at once at the very foundations of education. Schools must forthwith be instituted on a new

plan; school books must be written on a new plan; and schoolmasters must be raised from the class of slaveholders, exclusively to teach these new books to the coming generations. None others can be trusted, so deep and general is the taint. Even this will not avail, unless the sources from which slaveholders can draw their authorities, are at once and rapidly enlarged. Slaveholders must become poets, and historians, and philosophers, and writers on government. They must treat every subject in a slaveholding light exclusively. In the meantime, all existing works must be either totally banished from the South, or they must be subjected to a judicious expurgation, so as to be made tolerably safe for use until the expected substitutes shall have been prepared.

In pursuance of this policy it may be necessary at once to proscribe all works relating to the history of Greece before the death of Alex-

ander the Great. For example, what can be worse for the young mind than the prevailing error, in the Greek annals, that the course of Harmodius and Aristogeiton, in making away with Hippias because he was thought to be depriving the people of their liberties, was at all praiseworthy. The facts, even as stated by their own historians, show that they did themselves and their fellow citizens injury by this cold-blooded assassination. Yet so far did evil-minded fanatics succeed in perverting that transaction, that the names of these wicked men became ever after associated in Greece with ideas of the highest patriotism, and the most heroic self-devotion. It is of them that one of their poets, Callistratus, speaks in language which, even when translated from the incendiary original into bald prose, still preserves something of its dangerous fire.

“Your glory shall last forever, most beloved

Harmodius and Aristogeiton, because you slew the tyrant, and established EQUAL LAWS in Athens."

Such poetry will never do in a community where the power of a master at all approaches that of a sovereign. The safest way will be to expunge such allusions to equality altogether, and take up Grecian history at the moment of the division of Alexander's empire. The records of the oriental nations, even down to the present day, will furnish plenty of safe and profitable reading upon the laws of caste, without touching the pestilent Greek fire of anarchy and rebellion.

The same observation may apply to the Roman annals during the republic. What can be more wicked and preposterous than to exalt the conduct of the elder and the younger Brutus? Instead of examples to be imitated, they stand as marked instances of what should be avoided in human conduct. Yet such was the

strength of the current of opinion, in Roman times, that it swept with it all their poets and historians. Even Horace, the Epicurean courtier, who ought to have known better, ventures to introduce an allusion to one of these men, jocosely, as a welcome remover of a vexatious annoyance, instead of denouncing him as an incendiary and a murderer.

“Per magnos, Brute, Deos te
Oro, qui reges consueris tollere, cur non
Hunc Regem jugulas? operum hoc mihi crede tuorum
est.”

The man's name was King, and the impudent poet has the audacity to pun upon it. If his name had been Masters, the joke would have been the same. It will be at once seen that the subject is altogether too grave to be so lightly treated. The passage only proves how utterly the Roman sentiment of respect for authority had become perverted by the cant of republican equality.

For these reasons it will be advisable to banish all the Roman history down to the time of the Emperor Tiberius — and all Roman historians entirely, as well as the poets, orators, and philosophers. Even Seneca is not safe reading. Neither will Gibbon's account of the Decline and Fall of the Empire serve a good purpose as a substitute. His sneers at authority are not consistent with respect for existing institutions in church and state, in spite of the fact that he was himself a stiff and steady supporter of them at home. On the whole, it would seem as if a consecutive history of Rome could be of no possible service in the slaveholding States. But a sketch of the reigns of Trajan and Hadrian, and of the Antonines, when obedience to masters was perfectly established as an axiom in a happy empire, if skilfully handled in a slaveholding light, might be of great service to advance the projected reform.

Coming down to later times, it is apparent

that the difficulties in the way increase rather than diminish. It is not easy to point out a modern book, of the smallest popularity, which is the right thing to put in the hands of the young, in the South. All cringe more or less before the idea of Liberty, without making the necessary distinctions to counteract the abuse of it. If authors like Milton and Montesquieu, Shakespear and Algemon Sydney, of former ages, and Burke, Hallam, Mackintosh, and Macaulay, in later times, had, instead of vague generalization, only taken the precaution to laud Liberty, in certain cases, and with proper exceptions, they might have been most advantageously used in the proposed plan of education ; whereas, if permitted to be read in their present forms, they become serious obstacles in the way of it. However painful the sacrifice may be, there is no other course than to prohibit the use of them altogether, and to substitute in their places treatises based

upon the patriarchal theory of Sir Robert Filmer, a writer a little out of vogue at this day, it is true, but one whose small volume contains enough matter, when properly developed, to counteract the effect of all the sophistry of these times, and to reestablish society on its only proper basis, the will of the master, and the obedience of the slave.

From this imperfect sketch some idea may, perhaps, be obtained of the nature and extent of the great movement now in agitation. It may startle a little at first; but on examination it will be found very safe and very sure in its effects. That it will not go on without meeting serious obstacles, may be readily conceded. The very partial view opened here, must convince the most sanguine of that fact. But it is believed that with courage and constancy they may be all removed. No allusion has been made to the condition of things within the United States, because very little apprehension is entertained

of it. With the aid of the executive and judicial departments of the Federal government, which are now completely under the control of the right persons, it is believed that all the efforts of fanatics and incendiaries to check the new reform, may be sternly defied. The literature of the free States can be easily modified by holding a threat over the New York publishers, that it will meet with no purchasers in the South, if not made to suit that market. The books composed for the young people will gain no circulation among them, unless the bad poetry of such pestilent factionaries as Longfellow, and Whittier, and Lowell, be completely eliminated. Presently the patronage of the South will be seen to develop a counteracting influence elsewhere, a power which will adorn the patriarchal system with all those charms which genius knows how to throw around even the most ill-favored objects.

One other obstacle remains to be noticed,

which, as springing from a once popular slaveholder, may, for that reason, be deemed worthy of attention. It is the Declaration of Independence, as first written by Thomas Jefferson. The good sense of his own contemporaries is seen to have trimmed it of many of its most dangerous errors, at the outset. The conservative wisdom of Chief Justice Taney, and his able compeers in the Supreme Court of the United States, is rapidly correcting all the remaining mischief which may be apprehended from too long a concession to its authority. It will soon be universally acknowledged that John Randolph described that paper correctly, when he called it a "fanfaronade of abstractions." President Buchanan is, in a most praiseworthy manner, exerting himself, by word and deed, to confirm a more wholesome construction of its language than has been, heretofore, ventured upon in high places. And if there be any little leaven of doubt remaining in sensible minds,

touching the errors of doctrine in that celebrated instrument, it may be confidently predicted that a strong and well-sustained threat of a dissolution of the Union will have the effect, at any time, of dispelling it altogether, and forever.

It will, then, be seen that the trifling resistance that may be made to the great movement of the age, by a few enthusiasts and fanatics, in America, is not regarded as of any account at all. The hatred of the negro, which prevails all over the free States, may be safely relied on to secure the coöperation of those who pride themselves upon being unterrified democrats, not less than faithful allies of the masters to keep in subjugation their slaves. The only serious difficulties in the way come from the religious scruples, the civilization, the poetry, the history, the philosophy, the cumulative ethics of the most intellectual portion of the European world, so far as the memory of man runneth back. With courage, patience, and perseverance, such new

foundations may be laid in the slaveholding States as will sustain a structure, that whilst it bids defiance to all the past, may inaugurate an era of glory for the future, such as has never been dreamed of in the most sanguine oriental imagination. That these qualities belong to the South as surely as those of high honor, strict good faith, and unlimited generosity, no rational being, looking back upon her career for the last half century, and especially the last year or two, can permit himself for a moment to doubt. It may, then, be confidently predicted that the grand idea will, before long, be put in vigorous operation, and fanaticism will thenceforth only provoke derision and scorn.

Harmodius and Aristogeiton.

FROM THE GREEK OF CALLISTRATUS.

SELECTED FROM THE EARLY POEMS OF G. W. DOANE.

Εν μύρτου κλαδί τὸ ξίφος φορέσω.

I'LL wreath my sword with myrtle, as the brave
Harmodius did,
And as Aristogeiton his avenging weapon hid,
When they slew the haughty tyrant, and re-
gained our Liberty,
And breaking down oppression, made the men
of Athens free.

Thou art not, loved Harmodius, thou art not
surely dead,
But to some secluded sanctuary, far away, art
fled;

With the swift-footed Achilles, unmolested
there to rest,
And to rove with Diomédes through the islands
of the blest.

I'll wreath my sword with myrtle, as Aristogeiton did,
And as the brave Harmodius his avenging
weapon hid,
When, on Minerva's festival, they aim'd the
glorious blow,
And calling on fair Freedom, laid the proud
Hipparchus low.

Thy fame, belov'd Harmodius, through ages
still shall brighten,
Nor ever shall thy glory fade, beloved Aristogeiton,
Because your country's champions ye nobly
dared to be,
And striking down the tyrant, made the men
of Athens free.

The South.

BY MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN.

WHILE, during the first ten years of our undertaking, we were encountering the ordinary outward obstacles, we used to say, when bidding any unusually heavy brunt,—“Patience! our best help is coming from the South.” And so it has done all along. One of her children emancipates his slaves, and submits to exile for the cause. Others lay down their slave-patrimony, and become its public servants; and in this second quarter of a century, upon which we are entering, we are equally sure that still our best help is to come from the South.

Look, for example, at Kentucky. What is doing there among slaveholders? How do they feel about Slavery? We are assured by one of our

Kentucky associates, (a gentleman,) that even in families devoted, in all appearance, to Slavery, there is deadly hatred to the system; that among the women of Kentucky, especially, there exists as strong a repugnance to it as among the women of the North. In confirmation of this, comes a letter from another of our Southern associates, (a lady,) from which the following extract is taken, in testimony to a growing sentiment which, in proportion to its increase, makes the North and the South one in heart, as they have heretofore been in name.

"I enclose a letter from an unfortunate colored man, whom unjust law (or *un-law*) makes my chattel, that you may see a bit of negro rhetoric or argument. Despite its grotesqueness, there is an under-layer of honest feeling and human aspiration that brought a dash of tears to my eyes! Ah, I know the slave's chain; its iron has entered my life, and rusts my blood! *God and the Future!*

"Of course, I have answered this letter. I did not subscribe myself 'your mistress'—but 'your friend'—which I hope to prove myself."

What, meanwhile, is the state of feeling among slaves? The following letter, from the slave above spoken of, to his mistress, will abundantly tell.

TENNESSEE.

DEAR MISTRESS :

I address you, to-day, hoping you, and Miss Caroline, and her children, are well. Give my respects to them all, and receive my respects yourself, in particular. All your servants are well, and will be glad to hear from you. I am living up to what I promised you, and I hope you are living up to your promise. I have been faithful to you, and have tried to obey all orders, as a faithful servant should do, and as long as I have lived up to what a good servant should do, I hope you will not neglect me now. You requested me to stay where I am till the time was out, and as it is about to expire, I want to know how you are going to dispose of me. A great many people about here doubt your word, but I do not, and I believe you will fulfil your promise.

You promised me, before your brother, that you would free me, and you said no one should persuade you otherwise. I will be glad if you will take this letter, and read and perform its instructions or contents. I do not want you to be angry with me for

writing this letter, but extreme anxiety causes me to write it. You know that a slave, after having been confined for years and working hard for his master, when the first ray of Freedom shoots across his path, feels eagerness and desire that makes him overleap the bounds of prudence, and it is thus with me.

I hope you will excuse your humble servant. Just remember what the Lord said unto his servant when he sent him out; when he accomplished all things, what was his reward? He said, Well done good and faithful servant; I made thee ruler over a few things here, now I will make thee ruler over many. You have trusted me so far, and I have trusted you. And I believe your words, as if they were from divine origin. I ask you again not to be angry with me. I would be glad to hear from you, and to know your mind. Tell me where I can see you Christmas.

So, good by, my dear mistress. May the Lord bless you.

Your faithful and obedient servant,

_____.

Thus it is with slaves and slaveholders. But there is another element in the current of things which may, at any moment, rise into decisive

importance.—What do the non-slaveholders of Kentucky think and feel?

There is among them one, who, for the last ten years, has been doing a work that the world ought to know; the editor of the Newport Daily and Weekly News; the same mentioned with so appreciative a spirit, in the Westminster Review, of July last. The following letter, just received from him, tells the aims, hopes, and wants of one in process of redeeming Kentucky from Slavery.

Letter.

BY WILLIAM S. BAILEY.

NEWPORT, Kentucky, October 24, 1857.

MRS. MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN:

DEAR MADAM,—Your very kind and obliging letter is at hand. I will but briefly say that we *have* suffered much at the hands of desperadoes,—physical force having been resorted to from the beginning in the determina-

tion to dishonor me, individually, and to destroy the free press. My machine shop and printing house were set on fire, in the dead hour of the night, and all their contents destroyed. This was in August, 1850; and the friends of Slavery carried out their intentions by subscribing \$1,000, on the spot, and planting a Pro-Slavery editor, from Maysville, upon my ruins. He came—but in the meantime I had procured new type and presses, placed them in our dwelling house, and issued again “The Daily and Weekly News,” at the same time with their “Kentucky Flag.” The editor of this paper, Mr. Pike, attacked me in it daily, and it was thrown, gratuitously, into almost every house in the city. *But the mass of the people did not like the action*, and in about three months his daily paper went down, and he left the city soon after.

This was a sore sting to the heart of the slave power. The pen of a mechanic, in the

cause of Freedom, had been honored in the very bosom of Slavery. Something was to be done.

They started another press against me — a tri-weekly, called "The Messenger." Though some of the best pens of the slave power were employed, it went down like the other, having added one more laurel to the cause of Freedom, on Southern soil. *Seven* others, in like manner, came into the field, and disappeared in regular succession, till two years ago, when we were left masters of the field.

While the newspaper war was going on, I was harrassed by the law, in every conceivable form, till finally my house and lot were sold to pay the cost of my persecution. Prior to this, I had built a new printing house of brick. The unguarded haste and malice of the newspapers successively arrayed against me, did but injure their own circulation and increase mine. *They* could raise money and start presses; but

they could not persuade non-slaveholders that Slavery increased their wages, promoted education, or gave them office. I could not raise money, because my friends were poor; but I *could* raise an army of working men to defend, by physical force, my person or my press; and though my family suffered for the comforts of life, in house, clothing, and food, *yet we kept the enemy at bay by superior numbers.*

I had taught my family to set types, or I could not have carried on the conflict. My children set about 40,000 ems per day, which, at 30 cents per thousand, would amount to \$12 per week. Allow \$12 per week for the support of the family, (sixteen in number,) and \$60 remain as our weekly donation to the cause of Freedom, besides editorial and other labor, almost equal to the expense of setting the type.

But we have a great work to do, and have reason to be encouraged; not because we work

all day and half the night, but because the presses of Slavery have died, in a Southern city, where a free press lives; and because we have elected, in our city, seven out of ten of the common councilmen, the city clerk, three out of four magistrates, (myself being one,) two out of five school trustees, and the county coroner; making inroads upon the peculiar institution, while in our most crippled and forlorn condition. What, then, might have been done with a purse equal to theirs, and intellectual aid at will? O, that abler pens and stouter hearts would lend a helping hand.

One of the suits of *the oppressive power* was commenced by the high sheriff of my county, who had taken money from the people fraudulently, in the name of taxes, (by increasing the bills,) and many persons had by him been returned "delinquent," who had their receipts of payment. The auditor of the State directed the delinquent lists to be published that year,

each in its own county where a newspaper was published, and consequently, the list for my county was forwarded to me, and published. Soon came the people to me in anger, asking why I had published their names, and showing at the same time their receipts. This man had also taken \$90 out of my bill for publishing said list; which, by law, amounted to \$136.75. I told him of it, and proposed a quiet settlement; but he haughtily denied the fact, and refused to pay. I told him I would expose him. He dared me even to *hint* at his character. The next day I published a statement of the whole matter, which threw the city into a most fearful commotion. Scarcely a man in the town worked that day, and had it not been for the wronged tax-payers, I should have been cut in pieces and burned in a bonfire. For the most part, I was cursed by the officers and blessed by the people. But a move was finally made, that the sheriff should sue for

slander, and settle the disturbance by legal process; and so the indignation was allayed.

In the suit he alleged damages at \$20,000, expecting (being sheriff) to select his own jury. But I got the case tried in the adjoining county, in the city of Covington, where the jury returned a verdict in my favor. He got nothing for his "character," but still it cost me over \$300 to defend the suit.

This is but one instance of the many suits against me that filled our courts for the space of five years; and, in many cases, unjust claims were set up; and not having means to go to court, a distance of thirteen miles of bad road to ride or walk, judgment by default, or continuance, at my expense, was the result, until I was almost destitute of house and home. *But a free press and free speech, upon Southern soil, has been the result of our seven years toil.*

During our worst struggle we received no aid except little sums from the working men around

us; but since the last opposition press went down, now more than two years ago, we have become more known, and friends in this country and the old have assisted us. We procured a new font of type, last spring, out of the money sent us, feeling honored and grateful for such aid.

We want a power press, and a steam engine to drive it; and also a job and card press, with other appendages necessary for a good office, which would probably cost \$3,000 or \$4,000. This, upon Southern soil, for FREEDOM, would be formidable to tyrants and joy to the oppressed.

We need, also, the means of paying off the debt upon our house and lot; which will require, including interest, \$3,500, and it will soon be past redemption.

I hate the name of losing my home; and if wealthy friends of the Right knew the state of the case, I think they would help me to this amount—small compared with what I have

spent in money and property—to say nothing of seven years labor of my family and myself.

Slavery, in its nature and history, is too well understood by you for me to need to mention it; but I am well satisfied, from the progress I have made here, *that it can be abolished by meeting it where it exists*, discussing it among the people upon the soil. Here, I am a Southerner, like all the rest. Elsewhere, I should be “a Northern fanatic,” disbelieved and unheeded. In the South lies a silent, hidden power, potent and effectual to establish Freedom in America. It should be aroused and brought up to the struggle, and its might can be awakened and combined by a free press alone.

I should like to hear from you often; for your cheering words drive the thoughts of past troubles from our minds, and nerve my family to press on for the freedom and happiness of our people—the equality and justice of our laws.

WILLIAM S. BAILEY.

One feels that this tribune of the people could accept nothing for himself. He has given all to the cause, and counted it gain. It is only the name of being cheated and bullied out of his home, in the struggle, that he hates; the practical disadvantage of being driven from his foothold for the cause, that he is trying to avert. The whole family, parents, daughters, and little children, are at work as if they alone could save Kentucky from dishonor. As another of their friends says of them: "Mortgaging their homestead, working till midnight, practising the most rigid economy; making of their house a citadel, where the weapons of truth are defended by the weapons of death; and that, not for profit and purse, but to honor God, to save slaves and slaveholders, and deliver their noble Kentucky from her greatest shame."

O, if five thousand only, of the hundreds of thousands of dollars lately spent in the United States, in caucussing and corruption and rejoic-

ing over victories where no conquest is, had been thus applied! I pray any of our English friends, anxious to help the cause, and at the same time tormented with doubtful applications of American beggars, whose lives are worse than useless to it, to consider this opportunity. They need not, to improve it, withdraw their funds from the American Anti-Slavery Society. Let them send their donations *through* that treasury, "Care of Francis Jackson, Esq., Treasurer, No. 21 Cornhill, Boston, for William S. Bailey's Enterprise in Kentucky," and they will reach their destination safely. *Thus* offered, the gift will grace the altar, and "the altar sanctify the gift."

WEYMOUTH, Massachusetts,
November 10, 1857.

Hymn.

SELECTED FROM THE WRITINGS OF W. J. FOX.

A LITTLE child in bulrush ark,
Came floating on the Nile's broad water :
That child made Egypt's glories dark,
And freed his tribe from bonds and slaughter.

A little child for knowledge sought,
In Israel's temple, of its sages :
That child the world's religion brought,
And crushed the temples of past ages.

Mid worst oppressions, if remain
Young hearts for Freedom still aspiring,—
If, nursed in superstition's chain,
The human mind be still inquiring,—

Then let nor priest nor tyrant dote
On dreams of long the world commanding :
The ark of Moses is afloat,
And Christ is in the temple standing !

Education.

BY MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN.

ABOUT the year 1790, earlier and later, lived CALEB BINGHAM, instructor of youth in Boston; in that part of it that has ever since been called School Street. New England owes his memory much; for he not only trained the intellects, but roused and strengthened the hearts of her generations. He compiled his own school books, and they were in general use and esteem throughout the North, as lately as 1820, especially "the American Preceptor."

This book was composed of extracts from English Classics and American Patriots, all awakening and cherishing justice, generosity, integrity, humanity, and high-mindedness, by

illustrious examples of private and public virtue, according to the American idea of the liberty, equality, and fraternity of man.

But that terrible blow to the American Idea, the Missouri Compromise, about this time, stunned the North into a sense of the real bearing and tendency of the conditions of her union with the South, at the same time deadening the sense of Right, Truth, and Freedom, which the country had obeyed and worshipped through the desperate struggle for National Independence.

Caleb Bingham's blessed book, "the American Preceptor," had but a feeble circulation afterwards. Its every page was a reproach to frivolity, duplicity, baseness, selfishness, and bondage. It died out with that race of old, gray-haired ministers of the gospel, visitors of the schools for good, whom we all remember as long ago as we can remember anything, who used to preach against Slavery at the period of the earliest Anti-Slavery Conventions; praying

with touching fervor "that God would bless his young servant, Garrison, in whose heart he had implanted the resolution to deliver the land from the curse of Slavery; and grant themselves, his aged ones, to depart in peace, as those whose eyes had seen the beginning of this great salvation." They died without fit successors among the corrupted sons of Levi, and the apostolical succession of the gospel of Freedom fell upon the heads of Garrison's converts, the American Abolitionists; while the official teachers and preachers of the country, led by their own selfish insufficiency into the snares spread by the Southern slaveholders, lent their influence to mould all the educational operations into the likeness of Slavery. Good, true, noble-hearted CALEB BINGHAM was gathered to his fathers, and, at the end of one more generation, the American Preceptor was expurgated of its Anti-Slavery selections, after having passed through more than sixty unmutilated editions.

But the spirit of the whole book was still in antagonism with Slavery, and the quailing spirit of the times supplied its place with books of extracts, compiled by mere *literateurs*, on rhetorical, elocutionary, and declamatory principles, with more thought of demand and supply than of high-mindedness; and with an eye rather to what would sell than what would educate. For heroic rectitude and reality, disinterestedness and honor, had received a blow that told immediately on education, by making it at once felt that the youth must be trained in conformity to the course adopted by the fathers. Real manhood and statesmanship had been abjured by the parents, and hence the necessity of furnishing the schools with literary abstractions, and making actors, declaimers, and metaphysical sentimentalists of the children. The moral sublime and beautiful grew feebler and feebler, with every passing year and changing edition; till, at length, in 1857, a compiler of school

books for American youth, Mr. HILLARD, rises, one day, in FANEUIL HALL, to speak contemptuously before a charitable society, of the "commonplace literature of the school books of forty years ago." One may *guess* its real sin, in his eyes, by the tenor of his next Faneuil Hall speech, delivered before a political audience, the week after; complaining of "the existence, in the community, of a principle that puts Massachusetts in an attitude of hostility to the general government;" so that when it is asserted by keen and accurate observers, in other countries, that Massachusetts is practically out of the Union by reason of her greater respect for human rights, he is obliged, reluctantly, to acknowledge that "the statement is founded on some degree of truth *so long as the Personal Liberty Bill remains on the statute book.*" This maker of our children's school books then proceeds to urge his audience to vote for that candidate, as governor, who will favor the repeal of the Per-

sonal Liberty Bill, and retain in office as judge of the probate court for widows and orphans, the man who, as United States Slave Commissioner, hurried *Anthony Burns* into bondage without a proof of his being a slave!

"It is the duty of every good patriot," continues Mr. Hillard, "to vote for the man who, in seeming as well as in reality, will *restore* Massachusetts to the Union. Does it become our State to sit apart sulky and pouting, while her sisters are dancing about the flag staff of the Union, simply because she does not like the tune the fiddler is playing? Shall she not rather come forward with a smile on her face, and taking her sisters by the hand, lend to that fair circlet the grace of her form and the lightness of her step?"

And this is a Boston man's notion of the present contest!—This

"Death-grapple in the darkness 'twixt old systems and the Word!"

Massachusetts, a dancing girl to Slavery ! No wonder that for the sake of men like this, the South calls the North "wooden nutmeg peddler ;" and England says to *New England*, "what *you* lack is a *gentry* ;—*patrician firmness* to resist degradation ;" and France opens broad eyes of astonishment at a State where "tout le monde se dit noble, et rien n'oblige."

It is instructive now to remember that, in 1835, Mr. Hillard was heard to thank, as good patriots, those who refused to dance to slaveholding music ; and was afterwards employed by Abolitionists, at the time when they were engaged in analyzing the Constitution, to present their arguments to the Legislature of Massachusetts.

To learn why the school literature of forty years ago is pronounced commonplace by this sort of man, who now dances so discreetly and with so smiling a face to the tunes of the Pro-Slavery fiddlers at Washington, New Englanders find

no need of recurring to the brown unmargined page that kept their infancy thoughtful and awake amid the drowsy hum of the school room, during long summer afternoons, on the narrow straight-backed seat, so high that the little pendant feet could not touch the floor: for their manhood's memory never ceases to delight in the words that enchanted their childhood; words of a power to make the untrained voices of the elder classes, "the great boys and girls," pathetic and beautiful; and save a deal of elocutionary drill, by evoking feelings the loftiest, the most profound, the most tender. To what tune did the hearts of the young New England people dance, when they stood in rows, book in hand, and heard the voice of the blood of their fathers "cry to them from the ground — my sons! scorn to be slaves!" How every heart responded to the tones of humanity in behalf the feeble and the injured

races! How keenly that young America then
felt with him,

“—— who paused upon the twilight plain
Of Fontenoy, to weep the *freeborn* brave,
And thence in fancy crossed the Western main,
To melt in sadder pity for the *slave*.

* * * * *

“And *there* are men who, leaning on the laws,
What they have purchased, claim a right to hold!
CURSED BE THE TENURE! — *cursed its cruel cause!*
Freedom’s a dearer property than gold.

* * * * *

“Say that in future negroes *shall* be blest;
Ranked e’en as men, and men’s just rights enjoy!
Be neither sold, nor purchased, nor oppressed!
No griefs shall wither, and no stripes destroy!”

How they made themselves one with Logan,
the Mingo chief, (called the friend of white
men,) in his sublime appeal to Lord Dunmore,
after the massacre of his whole tribe, in cold
blood and unprovoked, when Colonel Cresap
spared not even their women and children.

"There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature. This called on me for revenge. I have sought it. I have killed many. I have fully glutted my vengeance. For my country, I rejoice in the beams of peace; but harbor not a thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan? *Not one.*"

But the brown blurred page bore a loftier lesson still; the apologue of the three brothers, of whom he that should, within three months, have performed the worthiest action was to receive from their father a magnificent diamond. The eldest fulfilled a trust. Good, said the father: it is only an act of justice. The second rescued a drowning child, at the risk of his life. It is well, said the father: still, it is but an act of humanity. The youngest saved the life of his deadly enemy, whom he might have left to perish, unsuspected and unblamed.

"To *thee* belongs the diamond!—for what thou hast done is divine!"

Then how young America exulted over the fall of the Bastille, and wept in admiration at the integrity of the Moorish gentlemen, who pledged his honor to shelter the Spanish knight seeking refuge with him, after having killed another in sudden quarrel; and kept his faith when the slain was brought to his garden gate by officers of justice, in search of the homicide. "Spaniard! it is my only son. Take my swiftest horse and fly with the night. You will be safe by morning. I thank my God that my faith, once given, is preserved."

Then how surely our young New England ranged itself with Aristides, when he said of the project of Themistocles, to burn the enemy's fleet in the harbor, in time of truce, that nothing could be more advantageous to the commonwealth, but, at the same time, nothing could be more unjust."

Then Pitt's Speech in Parliament, on the Slave Trade: "I know I speak with warmth; it is impossible for me not to do so; and were it possible, I should detest myself for the exercise of moderation." — "Sir, I do not understand this complimenting away the lives of human beings."

It was on hearts thus prepared, that the words of GARRISON fell.

How hushed and tremulously still were the whole school, small and great, when its finest voices and noblest hearts gave forth from their depths "the siege of Calais," — the story of her six burghers, who yielded themselves a sacrifice to Edward, to save their city from the nameless horrors of being sacked by a king and soldiery, enraged at the long resistance of Eustace de St. Pierre, the governor. Now he offers his life in ransom, and asks, "Who follows next?"

"Your kinsman!" said Jean Vissant. "Your kinsman!" said Pierre Vissant. "Your kins-

man!" said Jean d'Aire. A pause. "Who comes next?" "Your son!" said the young St. Pierre. One name alone is now wanting; and the captain of the enemy's host, Sir Walter Mauny weeping at the sight, cries, "Why was not I a citizen of Calais?"

And thousands of New England men and women took from the reading of this "common-place literature of forty years ago," the temper of soul that made them, in fulness of time, ready to do for America the same.

Which of these children, now the men and women on whom alone the honor of their native land now rests, but recalls with delight the lovely picture, drawn by Jeremy Belknap, of the situation most favorable to happiness of any this world can afford? Which of them does not bear always on the heart that picture of happy society?—that "town consisting of a due mixture of hills, valleys, and streams of water; the land well fenced and cultivated;

the roads and bridges in good repair ; a decent inn for the accommodation of travellers and public entertainments ; the inhabitants mostly husbandmen—their wives and daughters domestic manufacturers ; a suitable proportion of handicraft workmen, and two or three traders ; a physician and a lawyer, each of whom should have a farm for his support ; a clergyman of good understanding, candid disposition, and exemplary morals ; not a metaphysical nor a polemical, but a serious, practical preacher. A school master who should understand his business. A club of sensible men, seeking mutual improvement. A decent musical society. A social library, well supplied, among other books, with works of natural science—helps to read the great book of nature. “ ’Tis elder Scripture, writ by God’s own hand.” No consumption of ardent spirits, no infamous traffic in slaves, no intriguing politician, horse jockey, gambler,

or sot, but all such characters treated with contempt."

Such *was* the New England township. Such it shall be again, when purged of "sots, and slaves, and cowards," ready to call any tune in the name of a slaveholding administration that it might disgrace society to dance to, provided the act promises to prove a personally profitable speculation.

But the specific purpose of these few pages, to arouse New England to the importance of *herself* directing the earliest education of her children, nor leaving the task to the tools of slaveholders, — will be promoted by making them the preface to a poetical selection from one of the despised old school books ; one of the expurgated articles of the American Preceptor, when he was, indeed, as Belknap says, "a school master that knew his business." Its author was Mrs. Morton, of revolutionary times,

who was living, in the town of Quincy, as lately as the earliest publication of the Liberty Bell. And as American poets of the present time are, in general, men who find it easy to bless the union of slaveholders, and to ban the union of Abolitionists, while in this good Anti-Slavery battle, they

“—fear their fellowship to die with us,”

We turn to Europe and to America of the past, to find

“Names worthy of the grand adversity.”

WEYMOUTH, Massachusetts,
October, 1857.

The African Chief.

Captured in arms fighting for his Freedom, and inhumanly murdered by his conquerors, in the Island of Hispaniola, 1791.

BY MRS. MORTON.

SEE how the black ship cleaves the main,
High-bounding o'er the violet wave,
Remurmuring with the groans of pain,
Deep-freighted with the PRINCELY SLAVE.

Did all the gods of Afric sleep,
Forgetful of their guardian love,
When the white traitors of the deep
Betrayed him in the palmy grove!

A chief of Gambia's golden shore,
Whose arm the band of warriors led,
Perhaps the lord of boundless power,
By whom the foodless poor were fed.

Does not the voice of reason cry,
 "Claim the first right which nature gave;
From the red scourge of *bondage* fly,
 Nor deign to live a burdened SLAVE?"

Has not his suffering offspring clung
 Desponding round his fettered knee,
On his worn shoulder weeping hung,
 And urged one effort to be *free*!

His wife by nameless wrongs subdued,
 His bosom's friend to death resigned,
The flinty pathway bathed in blood,
 Poured tortures on his frantic mind!

Stung by despair, he sought the plain,
 To heaven upraised his starting eye,
Claimed Freedom from the crushing chain,
 Or mid the battle's rage to die.

First of his race, he led the band,
 Guardless of dangers floating round,
Till by his bold, avenging hand,
 Full many a despot stained the ground.

When erst *Messenia's* sons oppress'd,
Flew desperate to the sanguine field,
With iron clothed each injured breast,
And bade the haughty SPARTAN yield!

Did not the soul, to heaven allied,
Feel the full heart as greatly swell
As when the Roman Cato died,
Or when the Grecian victim* fell!

If later deeds quick raptures raise,
The boon *Batavia's* patriots won,
Paoli's time enduring praise,
Or the far greater WASHINGTON.

If these command thy generous zeal,
Who scorned a tyrant's mad control,
For bleeding Gambia learn to feel,
Whose chieftain claimed a kindred soul.

O! mourn the lost disastrous hour;
Lift the red eye of speechless grief,

* LEONIDAS.

While numbers throng the sultry shore,
And tear from hope the captive chief.

While the hard race of *pallid hue*,
Unpractised in the power to feel,
Resign him to the murd'rous crew,
The horrors of the quivering wheel.

Let sorrow bathe each blushing cheek ;
Bend piteous o'er the tortured slave,
Whose wrongs compassion cannot speak ;
Whose only refuge is the *grave*.

Judicial Procedure.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 10th, 1857.

BY CHIEF JUSTICE SHAW.

THE friends of Freedom hail, as a happy augury, this judicial act of 1857, of the same righteous tribunal, by the same honored name that vindicated the law of Massachusetts, in 1836, in the case of the slave "Med."

They see in it a strengthening of the dykes so lately tampered with by the Supreme Court of the United States; while in the prompt declaration of the respondent, they behold a foreshadowing of the manner in which our true Southern brothers will receive the great popular decision which shall free millions of their brethren and ours.

M. W. C.

Supreme Judicial Court.

HABEAS CORPUS IN RELATION TO A SLAVE.

BEFORE SHAW, C. J., in Chambers, on Monday. Lucy S. Schuyler, widow, of Lawrence, petitioner for a writ of *habeas corpus*, commanding that Lewis Sweet bring

before the Court one Betty, held by said Sweet as a slave, and show by what right or pretence he presumed so to hold her, and intended to take her back to a slave State, &c. The writ was issued on Saturday, under the new statute, by the Judge of the Police Court, at Lawrence, and served upon the respondent by Deputy Sheriff Bartlett. At 11 o'clock to-day, Mr. Sweet and wife, together with their servant Betty, appeared before Chief Justice Shaw ; but the case was disposed of without taking any testimony, an examination of witnesses being rendered unnecessary by the prompt declaration of the respondent's counsel, B. F. Watson, that Betty was at liberty to leave or remain with Mr. Sweet. So far she had not expressed to the family any desire to be free, nor had she manifested any opposition to the proceedings by *habeas corpus*, instituted in her behalf. He proceeded to state that Betty came from Tennessee with the respondent's family, consisting of his wife and child, Betty acting in the capacity of nurse ; that they had been living at Lawrence six weeks, and that Betty had not been in any manner restrained of her liberty. Mr. Watson, in conclusion, proposed that it should be left to Betty to declare, in the presence of the Court, whether she preferred to leave, or remain with, Mr. Sweet, and stated that Mr. Sweet agreed to be bound by her answer, and to make no attempt to gain possession of her, should she decide to leave him.

C. A. Andrew, counsel for the respondent, said the proposal was a fair one.

The Chief Justice being of opinion that the examination of Betty should be in private, and free from the influence which might possibly be exercised by the mere presence of the parties, namely, the promoters of the petition and the respondent and wife, took her into the lobby and there questioned her for several minutes. Upon returning into Court he stated, that Betty appeared to be of sound mind and intelligent, and fully understood her position. She was about twenty-five years of age, and seemed competent to form an opinion for herself, and make her election. She had stated to him, that she was brought up with Mrs. Sweet from infancy, and was much attached to her; and had a free husband and relatives in Nashville, who she would not think of separating from, and she wished to return to them.

JUDGE SHAW'S REMARKS.

His Honor then said, that by the law of Massachusetts, this woman, having been brought into a free State by her master voluntarily, was not a fugitive from labor within the provision of the Constitution of the United States, and was en-

titled to her freedom; and that she could not lawfully be carried out of the State, against her consent. He believes the same rule of law, that if a slave is voluntarily carried into a free State, such slave is ever after entitled to freedom, is held in some of the slave States, if not all; it has been so judicially decided in Louisiana. But whether the law would be so held in Tennessee, in case the slave now here should voluntarily return with her master, he could not say, not being sufficiently acquainted with the laws and judicial decisions of that State, to form an opinion. But he added, to give her the full benefit of this principle hereafter, in case it could avail her to secure her freedom, in Tennessee, or any other State to which she might go, and to authenticate and perpetuate the proceedings here this day, a full record should be made of the facts, showing that she was brought into and resided some time in this State, by the voluntary act of the master; that

he disclaimed all right to carry her out of the State without her free consent, and expressed his willingness to leave her to her own free choice, so that, at any time hereafter, if her right to freedom should be drawn in question, in Tennessee or elsewhere, she could send here and obtain the authentic record of these proceedings.*

His Honor then passed an order, that Betty be at liberty to remain in Massachusetts as a free woman, or to return to Tennessee, if she saw fit: a copy of which is subjoined.

Mr. Watson, in behalf of Mr. Sweet, then inquired if he could not be protected against the interference of outside parties, and further annoyance by *habeas corpus* in keeping Betty in his family, with her own consent.

The Chief Justice replied, that any such interference with the liberty of Betty would be unlawful, and another resort to the *habeas corpus* would be ground for an action of damages, as the case had been fully adjudicated upon.

* The manuscript of his own words, with his sanction of this report and copy of the record, is graciously furnished, on request, by the Chief Justice himself.

Betty now withdrew with Mrs. Sweet to the lobby, and the crowd gradually left the court room. The attendance of colored people was very numerous, but strict order and decorum were observed throughout the proceedings.

The following is an exact copy of the record:—

Before me, Lemuel Shaw, Chief Justice of the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts, at chambers in the Court House, at Boston, in the County of Suffolk, on Monday, the 9th day of November, Anno Domini 1857, on the return of a writ of *habeas corpus* issued by the Police Court of Lawrence, in the County of Essex, on the 7th of November instant, returnable before the Supreme Judicial Court, or some one of the Justices thereof.

The precept of the said writ was to command the sheriff, or either of his deputies, that the body of a colored woman, called Betty, whose further name was alleged to be unknown, but whose person and residence were described, by one Sullivan Sweet the younger, but whose true name was agreed before me to be Lewis Sweet, and his wife, whose true name was agreed before me to be Laura N. Sweet, restrained of her liberty, as it was said, he the officer take and have before the Supreme Judicial Court of the Common-

wealth, or one of the Justices thereof, at Boston, in the County of Suffolk, immediately after the receipt of said writ, to do and receive what said Court or Justice shall order and consider concerning her in that behoof.

And he was also commanded to summon the said Sweet and his wife, then and there to appear before said Court or Justice, to show the cause of the detaining of the said Betty. And the said writ was returned to Bayley Bartlett, Esq., Deputy Sheriff of said County of Essex, who thereupon certifies, that he has taken the body of the said Betty, and now has her before me, at the time and place abovementioned, and also that he had summoned the said Sweet, by giving him an attested copy of the said writ, on Saturday, the 7th instant, and his wife the same on the 9th instant.

And in pursuance of the said summons, the said Sweet, whose true name is admitted to be Lewis Sweet, and his wife, whose true name is admitted to be Laura N. Sweet, also appear at the same time and place.

And the said Lewis Sweet and Laura N. Sweet, by Benjamin F. Watson, Esq., their counsel and attorney, in their presence and in their behalf stated, that they came here from the State of Tennessee; that the said Betty was a slave in their service; that they went with her into various States of the Union and into the province of Canada, and then voluntarily brought her into the State of Massachusetts, and that she had resided with them in the city of Lawrence about six

weeks last past; that if she elected to remain in Massachusetts and be at liberty, they were willing she should do so; and that they had no intention or desire to prevent it.

Whereupon, I proposed and had an examination of the said Betty apart from the said Sweet and wife, and all other persons — upon which it appeared to me, that she is twenty-five years old, intelligent and capable of judging for herself; that she has a husband in Tennessee and other relatives; that she is much attached to Mr. and Mrs. Sweet; is very well treated by them, and desires to remain and return with them, and this desire she expressed decisively and upon repeated inquiries. I explained to her her right to freedom and protection here, and that she could not lawfully be taken away against her will.

Whereupon, it was ordered and adjudged, that the said Betty be at free liberty to remain with Mr. and Mrs. Sweet, or go elsewhere, at her free choice, and that all persons be interdicted and forbidden to interfere with her personal liberty in this respect.

And I direct this order to be annexed to said writ and return, and filed with the records of the Supreme Judicial Court for the County of Suffolk, for the information and security of all persons concerned.

LEMUEL SHAW,

Chief Justice, S. J. C.

Sonnet.

Written after seeing the picture, "Christus Consolator," and
reprinted from the Liberty Bell of 1844.

BY ANNE WARREN WESTON.

SAVIOUR! Consoler! in Thy presence bending,
Lo, what a train of mourners round Thee wait!
What earnest prayers from breaking hearts
ascending,
Thy blessed help and comfort invoke!
Great as their sorrow, is Thy mercy great!
The youthful mother, weeping for her child —
The murderer, haunted by remorse, too late —
The maniac, tortured by his fancies wild;
And chief, the fettered and forsaken slave
Among this crowd of sufferers claims a place!
Stronger than all, *that* claim on Him who gave
His life a ransom for the human race.
When *we*, as mourners, on Thy mercy call,
May we, like Thee, have loved and pitied all!

Sonnet.

The Christus Consolator, of Ary Scheffer, and the Frontispice of
the American Episcopal Book of Common Prayer.

BY MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN.

BORNE down by many wrongs upon the tide,
Of my life's pilgrimage, I entered where
A mighty priesthood worshipped side by side,
A stately temple filled with praise and prayer.
To them, beholding, did my heart repair :
" Bless and console me ! " in my grief I cried.
They coldly asked me " if my face were fair ? "
By wealth and greatness earthly-glorified ? "
And each a shining volume opened wide
Before my vision ; and the page doth bear
Their God and Saviour, for mankind that died —
Their Great REDEEMER — *but no slave is there !*
" Down ! devil in disguise ! " I cried ; " thou
liest,
Thou curse of Christendom, the tyrant's Christ ! "

The Voice of the Departed.

THE REV. GEORGE ARMSTRONG, OF BRISTOL, ENGLAND.

BY SAMUEL MAY, JUNIOR.

THE cause of Freedom, Humanity, and Truth, is God's, and is in no wise weakened when its best and most eloquent earthly advocates are silenced and removed by death. But it is hard for those who still remain to carry on the contest with its enemies, open or secret, to feel this truth in its fulness. As one and another valiant soldier falls at their side, as they see some true brother-in-arms, to whom they had never vainly looked for encouragement and aid, borne away from the field forever, there comes a momentary feeling of discouragement, as if the good cause had lost that, the loss of which might prove disastrous,—and the cry again goes up, as of yore, “Help, Lord! for the godly man

ceaseth, for the faithful fail from among the children of men."

A sorrowful and very painful thing it is when the cause of Justice and Right loses supporters who *desert* it; whose hope and courage fail, who yield to temptation, threatening, or hardship, and become ciphers or foes, where once they were friends, steadfast and true. But no discouragement follows the loss of such. The coward and the traitor stir up, in every manly breast, an honest indignation, which nerves the arm with new vigor; and the true soldiers close up their ranks with cheerful will, and move onward as with a fresh inspiration. But when a faithful soul, which has never put off the armor which it put on in its first devotion to the cause of Liberty and Right, ceases from among us, when a true and brave man falls, and we know that his hand shall no more grasp the weapons of our warfare here, then it is that we experience a deep sense of loss, and we ask, in a present doubt, who there be to make good his place.

But a true and righteous cause is a great con-

soler. It conveys to the soul a perfect assurance of its own immortality. It is known and seen to be a cause that "hath foundations, whose maker and builder is God;" standing firm and calm, where no calamity can reach it, no losses impoverish it, no power restrain or successfully resist it. Its servants may learn to distrust this or the other human instrumentality, but of the certain glorious triumph of the cause itself, they can feel no distrust. Even though they should see their bravest and best companions taken from their side, they remember that Justice and Right, and Truth, have lost nothing of their divine strength, but remain the same, yesterday, to-day, and forever. Especially, when a faithful and brave soldier dies cheering on his companions, and blessing their cause with his last breath, then, indeed, does the value of his constant example well supply the loss of his personal presence. A new sacredness seems given to the cause for which they are laboring, and a new tie joins them to the innumerable company, gathered out of every land, and from

every age, who are no other than the elect of God.

It was simply our purpose to place on these pages a record of the death of our friend and brother, GEORGE ARMSTRONG, which took place at Bristol, England, on the sixth of August last, to acknowledge the eminent services which, in various ways, through many years, and with a never-faltering spirit, he rendered to the Anti-Slavery cause, and to offer our tribute of respect to his memory. Educated in the English church, but leaving it for conscience's sake, he took early his stand for full religious and spiritual Freedom. As the successor of the Rev. Dr. Carpenter, in the pulpit of Lewin's Mead Chapel, Bristol, he maintained, and carried into new fields the spirit of manly freedom and courage for which that pulpit had been honorably distinguished. With a rare consistency he espoused the world-wide, but unpopular cause of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and to the end of his life was one of its ablest and most eloquent champions. His vigorous and well-timed blows, his peculiarly ardent and

searching words, will not cease to be felt by this generation, or to live in the memory of those who knew him and who stood with him for the Right.

In one of the later letters of his life, to a friend in this country, and in reference to the labors of the American Abolitionists, he thus wrote :

“After all, that country surely is not irredeemably lost, or irreclaimably wicked,—where such intellects ripen, and where such sentiments are cherished and expressed even by a few righteous and noble natures ! May the Lord increase their number, strengthen their souls, and bless their labors.

“My heart is with them, and my heart’s prayers. I am never to see them, it may be ; but I shall yet know them, and love them, and be one with them—in the Great Presence,—when, through mercy, we meet in the promised Kingdom of the Everlasting Father.”

LEICESTER, November 30, 1857.

The Slave's Ultima Ratio.

LETTER.

BY J. M. MCKIM.

DESIRING to obtain an authentic account of the late reported insurrections in Kentucky, I wrote to my friend Mr. McKim. His reply is as follows:—

With the “weary knife-grinder,” my response is,—

“Story, God bless you! I’ve none to tell, Sir!”

There has been no late insurrection in the South. But false as these rumors have been, it cannot be said, entirely without qualification, that there has been no collusion, of late, among the slaves, nor any attempt, on their part, to throw off the yoke. On the contrary, they are continually striving and conspiring to obtain their freedom; and with a success, too, of which we have daily the most gratifying proof. Flight, not fight, is the slave’s *ultima ratio*; and many there be that betake themselves to this last resort. From all along the Atlantic seaboard, and from every part of the border States, they “fly as a cloud and as doves to their windows.” They come to us from the interior of Virginia, and from the Dismal Swamp of North Carolina. They

reach us by expedients the most ingenious, and through sufferings which nothing but the hope of Liberty could make endurable. Exactly *fifty* — men, women, and children — have passed through the hands of our Vigilance Committee, in the last fortnight! Five of them came by sea, in an open skiff, doubling capes, on the rocks of which many a stauncher bark has foundered! One of the fifty came from Alabama, travelling night after night, as opportunity offered, on the top of a railroad car! A woman came to us, last summer, from a Southern port, packed in a travelling trunk! I send you, herewith, a photograph likeness of this heroine, presenting her as she appeared when the trunk was opened. I will not multiply instances; but I could tell you of hair-breadth escapes, by flood and field, — of perils by sea, and perils by land, and perils among false brethren, — escapes achieved and perils encountered by these brave men and women, compared with which all adventures of fiction would be acknowledged by you to be tame and wonderless. But this is no part of my present purpose; which is, to let you know, by these facts, that our Anti-Slavery movement has crossed the line; that having removed obstacles to the slave's escape on this side, it has passed over and now furnishes him with facilities on the other. The leaven is working even at the South; the light is beginning to shine where Cimmerian darkness before prevailed. The slaveholders cannot shut it out. White and black, bond and free, acknowledge its power. The search laws and the lynch laws, the harbor inspectors and the nightly patrols, and every other expedient to arrest discussion and hinder "fugacious slaves," have proved utterly unavailing. Other railroads are in a declining condition, and have stopped

their semi-annual dividends ; but the Underground has never before done so flourishing a business.

I rejoice in these multiplying escapes, not simply or mainly because of the individual victims who are thereby rescued from bondage—though this is no small gain to humanity — but because of the moral influence they exert upon the whole slave system, and the evidence they afford of a change going on in public sentiment. The tenure by which slave property is held all along our borders, is greatly weakened by these multiplying flights. Human chattels, even when but partially enlightened, constitute a very uncertain sort of possession. The “riches” of the slaveholders, “make themselves *legs* and fly away.” Then the public opinion of the North used to obstruct the passage of these escaping slaves. It is not so now. Slave law or no slave law, no active hindrance is opposed to their flight. The labors of the Abolitionists have made this law of none effect. The same is in a measure true of the South. The slaves who escape from the South are aided by free men, and free *white* men. Nine out of ten of all who come to us are brought or aided hither by Southern men. These are facts which are full of promise. They denote that the good time which is coming is moving towards us with accelerated speed. And although it would hardly be safe to fix a day for its arrival, the author of the “Impending crisis of the South” cannot be much out of the way when he intimates that the centennial anniversary of American Independence will find every slave in the land disenthralled.

Truth.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

AMONG the few things absolutely sure, is
the obligation of them that search for truth
to communicate what they obtain.

THE KNOLL, AMBLESIDE,
November, 1857.

La Cloche.

PAR ALFRED VINET.*

O chanfre grave et doux, si mon cœur te devine,
Dis, n'es tu point l'écho de cette voix divine
Dont les accents sont des Bienfaits?
Rassurante comme elle, et pleine de puissance
La tienne fait vibrer l'amour et l'espérance
Au fond des cœurs muets.

CANTON DE VAUD.

* Décédé.

collated Pergeat Oct 16th 1906 J.W.

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